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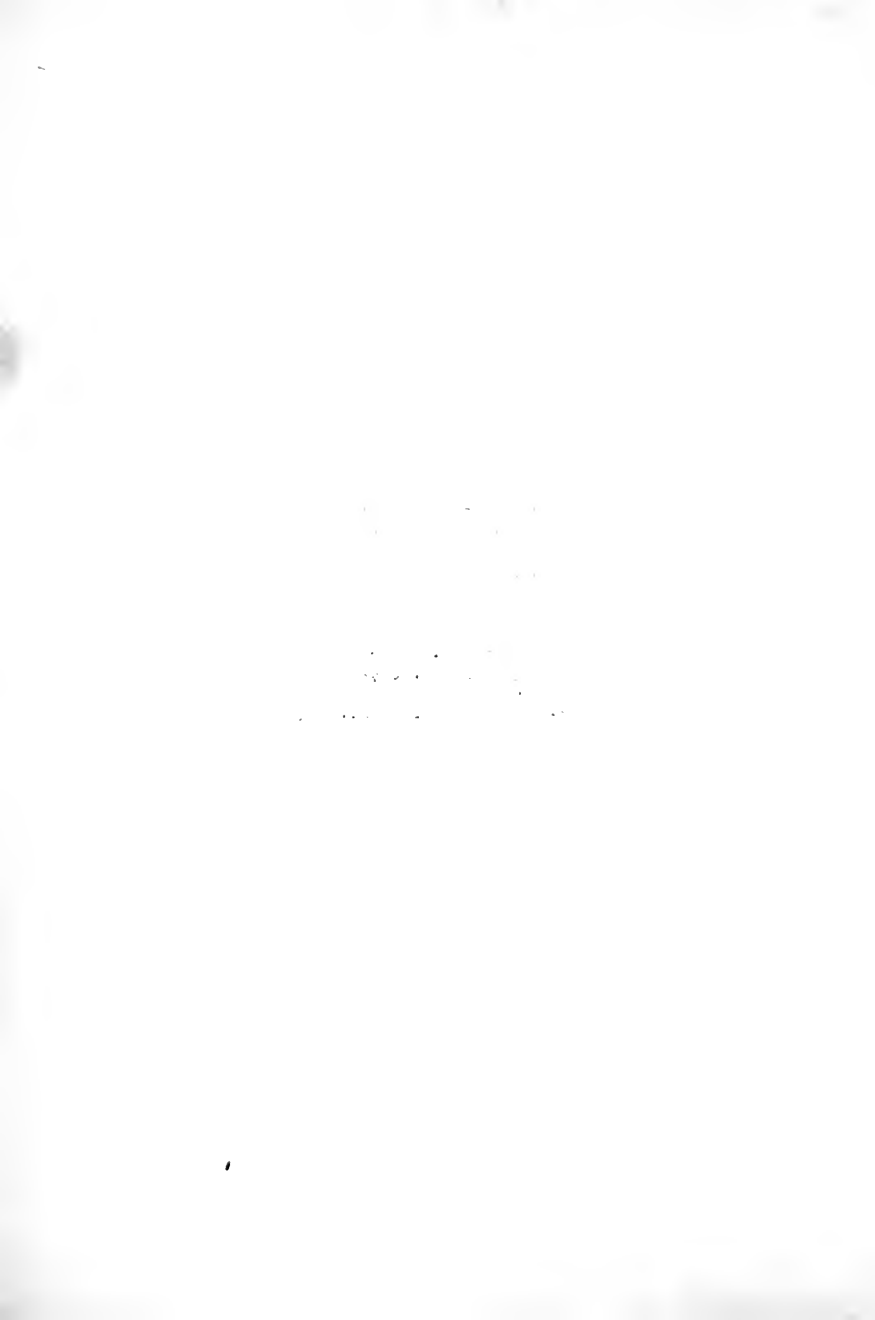
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
ISAAC F. KING

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Isaac F. King.

A SKETCH
OF
THE LIFE AND TRAVELS
OF
ISAAC FENTON KING

WITH SOME INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH
HIS CHILDHOOD



PREPARED FOR HIS CHILDREN AND HIS
GRANDCHILDREN

[Columbus, Ohio,
about 1914]

Introduction.



IN writing this little book for my family, I have found many difficulties. Among them, I mention a few. The subject matter and style suited to children will seem trivial to persons of mature years; and that which is meant for grown up people, may seem grave to the little folk.

To condense into a small book the material gathered in a long life is no little task. This difficulty was most apparent in attempting to put in a small space what I have seen in long journeys.

It has been absolutely necessary to select, and in so doing I may have incorporated the less valuable and may have made no mention of what others would deem more important things.

Most autobiographers unconsciously seem to be egotists. Of necessity I speak here often of myself, therefore I hope I do not make a hero of myself.

My aim has been to hand down to my family a few facts to entertain them, and to supply to future biographers and genealogists some data that otherwise might be lost.

ms. John A. Macdonald
March 1941



Autobiographical Sketch.



My Father's Family.

MY father, James Johnson King, was the son of Walter and Catherine Waters King. He was born at Port Tobacco, Maryland, December 18, 1799. He was the eldest of eight children whose names are as follows: Catherine, Eliza, Ann, Thomas, Martha, Henry and Fenton.

His parents were of English descent, and at the time of his birth they were members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Soon after his birth they became Methodist Episcopalians.

In 1812 the family lived at Dumfries, Va. This place was so near Washington City that they heard the cannonading of the city by the British; and when they set fire to the Capitol, the King family saw the sky made luminous by the blaze. Naturally this historic event made a vivid impression on the lad, James J. King, who at this period was a boy in the thirteenth year of his age. Virginia then had no public schools. The education he received was from a select school.

While yet in his teens my father learned the cooper trade from a black man, who was a servant in the family. This business employed the most of his time and energy for more than thirty years. It was

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in 1826 that he bade farewell to his father and his family in Virginia, and with a certificate of membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church in his pocket, he emigrated to Zanesville, Ohio. At the first opportunity he placed his church letter in the hands of the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Second street. He found employment as a journeyman cooper with Mr. John Elbersen on South street. Having accumulated a little capital, he in partnership with some of his comrades, invested it in a cargo of produce, which they took in a flatboat from Zanesville to New Orleans. They returned home on a steamboat. The captain of one of the boats, they were on, in a part of the journey, engaged in racing with other boats. To generate steam rapidly he recklessly encouraged his men to consume bacon and hams in the furnace.

Having returned to Zanesville, and to his cooper trade, he found in looking for good timber for barrel making, that a piece of land on Thompson's run, in Newton township, had trees for the purpose in abundance. This little farm he bought and from its trees he made flour and pork barrels.

In the use of tools he had a deft hand. In hooping a barrel he could keep it whirling with the hand in which he held the driver, and with the other he used the adze, sending the hoop to its destination. The remarkable rhythm made a type of music, as inspiring, to all within hearing, as is the fife and drum in a quick battalion movement.

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One of his neighbors who knew him in his young manhood said of him that "he worked all night making barrels and started with them on his wagon early the next morning for Zanesville, to market his goods."

The little farm he bought in Newton township proved to be the same that some twenty years earlier had been owned and occupied by William Coffman, who soon after became his father-in-law.

In the summer of 1829 he sought work as a harvest hand, as a relief from his cooper shop labor; he appeared at the home of William Coffman of Hopewell township. There he met Miss Mariam Lansdowne Coffman. While he and Mr. Coffman were engaged in reaping the harvest he agreed with Mr. Coffman as to terms of making up his cooper stuff into barrels. While he was doing this work, he boarded with the Coffman family and in the mean time sought the hand of Mariam Lansdowne in marriage, which happy event took place early the next spring.

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My Mother's Family.

MY mother's name before her marriage was Mariam Lansdowne Coffman. Her father's name was William Coffman, and her mother's name was Elizabeth Besant Coffman. She was the eldest of a family of ten children, and was born March 31, 1796, at Front Royal, Virginia. The names of the other children are as follows: Catherine, Lovinia, Rebecca, William, John, Bethany, Elizabeth, Susan and Isaac Quinn.

In 1805, the family emigrated to Newton township, Muskingum County, Ohio, in a four-horse moving wagon that had a canopy of coarse white linen. In that wagon was an axe, a broad-axe, a mattock, a saw, a cross-cut saw, an iron wedge, a box of small tools, a bedstead, feather beds, table linen, dishes, tinware, a large iron kettle, a brass kettle, dried peaches, and apples. But the most precious of all were the four little daughters, viz., Mariam, Catherine, Lovinia and Rebecca.

It took four weeks to make the journey to Zanesville, Ohio.

Having bought a farm in Newton township located on Thompson's run, a branch of Kent's run, Mr. Coffman built him a cabin. Soon after this, having found a better farm in a more desirable community,

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he sold his holdings in Newton township and bought a larger farm in Hopewell township, located just south of the present site of Asbury Chapel. The same is now owned by Mr. Florence Perrine and others.

This purchase took place in 1807. Very little of the land was cleared and the shelter for the family was scant. At times the supply of meat was exhausted and the family was glad to substitute bear or deer meat. Wild turkeys were abundant. Some hunters shot them by climbing up in the stick chimney of the cabin. But the most successful way of securing wild turkeys was to build a rail pen on a hill side, covering it thickly with brush, on the lower side a trench being dug to enter the pen. Corn was sprinkled about the entrance of the trench on to the center of the pen. A flock of turkeys finding corn would continue to look down until they enter the pen. After entering they looked up for an exit but never looked down, and in this way were easily captured.

The sugar and syrup used by the family were secured by tapping the sugar trees in the early days of spring, and boiling the water in kettles until the syrup or sugar was the result.

Mariam being the eldest child, and there being no brothers born in the family until she was twelve years old, there were naturally thrown on her shoulders burdens of farm work, incident to pioneer life, that usually are reckoned as boy's or man's work. For this reason she had but meager school advantages.

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She became able to read and write in her younger days but having little practice in either, both were almost lost in later years. In the school of every day life on a farm she became exceedingly self reliant.

Take just one line of industry and note how she was the mistress of the situation.

She sowed and pulled the flax; she broke and hatcheled it; she made it into thread and wove it into fabric. She was able to do similar work in wool. When she was married she had made the cloth and cut and made all the garments she possessed when she was a bride.

Her habits as a young woman and her bravery may be seen in the following incident: On one occasion she rode on a horse to Zanesville with a basket of butter on her arm, and, when she reached the head of Putnam Ave. in the town of that name, she swam her horse across the Muskingum river and sold the butter to customers in Zanesville.

The couple was married on the 30th of March, 1830. My father at once set about the task of building for himself a house. He cut and hewed the logs with his own hands. This house is still standing on Thompson's run. And strange to say it is the only house, of all the six he ever lived in, that is not now demolished.

While my parents were living in this house William Fletcher King was born December 20, 1830. Soon after this my mother's health failed. In the hope of her recovery, they made a trip by carriage to Virginia; taking with them the baby. In this trip they visited

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his parents at Dumfries. They also visited Alexandria and Washington City. Returning, for a time they lived with my grand-father, William Coffman. While they were there, during the night of November 12, 1833, there was a marvelous meteoric shower. In appearance it was the falling of all the stars of the firmament. My father arose and saw the awe inspiring sight, but was so considerate of mother's health that he let her sleep during the scene. To many of the unlearned the event was the harbinger of the final conflagration and the end of the world.

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Childhood and School Life.

AT the time of my birth which was on the 8th of May, 1834, my parents were living in the home, located about one-fourth of a mile directly south of the present Asbury Church.

I was consecrated to God, in infancy, at a camp-meeting, held on a piece of ground, which is still a forest, located about a half a mile north of the present village of White Cottage. This occurred in 1835, and the Rev. James Hooper officiated at the service. My mother instructed me that thus having been given to the Lord, that I did not belong to Satan, or his kingdom. In after years when in the company of bad boys I was constantly conscious that I was out of my place. When I was tempted to do the will of the enemy of my soul, I was reminded by my baptism that he was not my rightful master, but it was mine to do God's will.

Soon after this we went to live in a log cabin, while my father was building a frame house for a future residence. This farm is now known as the Alexander Griffith farm. In this humble home John Wesley King was born October 29, 1838. It was during the building of the above named house, that I being four years old, went in company with my father and my

brother William, in a two-horse wagon, (my father driving the team) to Melics' mill for a load of lumber. The boards we were hauling filled the wagon to the top of the standards. My brother and I were sitting side by side on the top of the load. The wheels on the left hand side ran into a rut. I slipped off, and fell between the wheels and just as the hind wheel was crushing my neck, my father rescued me. With a seriously bruised neck I was taken to our cabin home where my mother applied "Opodildock" to my neck, and gave me some chicken broth to eat, and tucked me away in my trundle bed; soon I was sound asleep forgetting for the time being, the perils and the pains of the day.

During the one year that we lived in the cabin, on a certain Sabbath morning while our parents were at church, William and I were left alone to look after the premises. He was then about seven years old. When the old folks were out of sight we boys amused ourselves by catching certain of the chickens, and pulling out their tail feathers, and then setting them at liberty. This plucking of the chickens made them look odd, and to us it was great fun.

During our stay in the cabin we had a visit from uncle David Munch, who kept a store in Putnam. He gave us children each a dozen sticks of striped candy. To me at that time the candy was a present as great as a full case of tropical fruit would be now.

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One afternoon William and I went to visit grandfather Coffman's home. He had at that time a negro servant, familiarly known by the name of "Black Tom". I was but four years old. And at that early period of my life I was not at all familiar with negroes. I did not fear him in daylight, but when I learned that the bed in which brother and I were to sleep at night, was in the same room where Tom slept, I determined at once I would flee to my father's house, which was nearly a mile away, using the path through the fields. About sun down I started on double quick to reach my father's home. Black Tom was ordered to chase me down, and willing or unwilling he was to bring me back to grand-father's house. Just as I was reaching the fence, on the western border of the farm, Tom caught me. I refused to be led by him to the house, so he carried me, but hoping for release from time to time I threw off his hat. In a little while his greater strength conquered me. Soon I was delivered into the hands of Uncle William Coffman, who spanked me. In due time, I was put to bed, in the dreaded room where Black Tom slept. After a prolonged mental struggle the tired boy finally went to sleep.

In the spring of 1839 we removed to what we called the Carper farm. At that time workmen were engaged in building the present brick church, now called Asbury Chapel. I amused myself by going often to the building, to get the long smooth shavings of poplar

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and pine wood that the joiner threw from his plane. These I called ribbons. During the same season like work was going on in the brick, one story, residence, which Judge Thomas Ijams was having built while he was yet living in the old hewed log structure, located just south of it.

When I was six years old, my father took me to the Sunday school in the old log church which stood in about the center of the now thickly occupied part of the cemetery. He acted as my teacher, and taught me to spell in words of two letters. We had no primary classes then. The children who could not read their Bible were taught spelling, hoping that they might soon read. Pastors in those days recommended parents to aid their children in committing portions of scripture to memory. These were to be recited to the Sunday school teachers. By the help of my parents, one Sunday I was able to recite seventy-two verses, much of which I can yet quote, in the eightieth year of my age.

It may be that others of mature years do not remember how in childhood we learn the meaning of one word at a time, and one thing at a time. I can now remember when I first learned how books were made, and that it was not irreverent for more than one man in the world to be a shoemaker or a blacksmith.

The so-called science of phrenology was at that period having a run. One Thomas Brookover, of that community, came to my father's house, and he "felt

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the bumps" of all of us children. I remember well, he told my parents that I had "a good head" for every thing, but for music. In my reflections on the subject afterward, I tried to console myself that I had the capacity to do everything except two, one being ability to sing, and the other was I could not fly.

There came to our family a severe scourge of scarlet fever, which came near ending my life, and from the effects of which brother John Wesley was lame the balance of his life. After I got well I was permitted to go with father on a load of wheat to Zanesville. Having crossed the Y bridge, I got a view of the mill dam just above it. That sight filled me with as much wonder as the sight of Niagara Falls did fifty years afterward.

In the autumn of 1840 I went to school in a log school house, located about a half mile north of Asbury Church. James Sperry was my first teacher. He lived in a log house just north of the school house. He had a small field of corn. He wished to have the corn husked, so he invited us school children to husk his corn one afternoon. I worked hard at it, and when supper time came I was of course very hungry. The custom then was for older children to be served at the first table, and the smaller ones were to wait until the older ones had eaten. By the time I got to the table I had a ravenous appetite, so that I ate the chicken pie very greedily. This was very apparent to the young ladies who waited on the table. They

asked me to have a second helping, and I responded that I could "eat no more, for I had now eaten so much that my stomach ached." This reply was fun for others, but on my part it was the utterance of a homely truth.

Night was on us as we started home, and we had to go through a half a mile of dense forest. I was in company with my brother William and Peter Wolf. We had hardly entered the dark forest when Peter Wolf began to relate frightful stories of the recent devastations made in the neighborhood by the wild animals that frequented such forests. While he was relating the ravages made by bears and cat-a-mounts I was in an agony of fear; but after all I reached home in safety.

As I have said, my first school was in a log building. It was heated by a stove in which we burned wood; for at that time, few if any of the people used coal, which was afterward found in abundance in the surrounding hills. On each side of the room were two long windows, occupying the space in the wall where a log had been cut out, to make room for the window sash. Fastened to these two side walls, suspended by long pins, were wide poplar boards, used by the larger scholars, as desks to write and cipher on.

The teacher was expected to be an expert in making pens from the goose quills that the larger pupils brought from their homes. I think there was not a

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seat in the room that had a back to it, except the split bottom chair used by the teacher.

The log building was replaced, in about 1846, by a stone building which had a coal stove, and many of the seats had backs to them. These school houses were nearly surrounded by the native forest trees. In the summer it was our pleasure to cut down the small trees and make booth-like play houses of the branches. In the autumn there was plenty of wild grapes, red and black haws and hickory nuts galore. The girls used grape vines for jumping ropes, and we boys used the oak trees for bases as we played "base ball," "long cat," "round cat," "town ball," and "bull pen." Part of the exercises of the school every day was a spelling match; and often at night the young people of adjacent districts met in a school house in friendly rivalry to determine which school had the best spellers of all the champion spellers in the company. At times, the exercises were changed into a debate on some current controverted subject. Socially these were pleasant occasions and they did much to develop accurate and broad scholarship.

Before I went to school at No. 6, in Hopewell township, Muskingum county, Ohio, the following named teachers had taught terms of school, viz., John Prior, Mr. Roberts, Miss Page, Miss Root, Frederick Seaborn, Joseph Richey and Thomas Brookover. Beginning with 1840 and ending with 1852, their names are as follows: James Sperry, Robert Woolf, Samuel Porter,

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Stephen C. Frampton, Mathew Scovill, William George, Joseph Kelley, Wellington T. Harvey and Henry Dick.

In the summer of 1844 our family all went in our farm wagon, covered with linen, to a campmeeting, some seven miles east of our home, located on the Wilbur farm. The Rev. James B. Finley was the Presiding Elder, and he so managed that part of the exercises of the meeting that the regular services of the fourth quarterly meeting of Putnam Circuit were included.

Our kitchen and dining room was picnic style in the shade of the forest trees. At night we slept in the wagon.

There was a preachers' tent with a shed roof; the higher part of the roof jutting over the preachers' stand some eight or ten feet. Under this canopy was a long bench for the ministers. And elevated some four and a half feet from the floor in front was a wide smooth board on which was the Bible and hymn book. In front of this was an altar.

The auditorium was seated with slabs from the saw mill; affording seats for a thousand people.

There were four fire stands, one at each corner of the area used for seats. These fire stands were on platforms elevated about five feet from the ground. These platforms were of small logs made some ten feet square, and covered with five or six inches of earth. On the platforms, by day and by night, was kept burning a

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kind of log-heap fire, to aid in lighting the grounds and especially were they kept burning to protect the people from mosquitos and other insects which infested the wild forests.

In my career I have attended campmeetings and Chautauquas as follows. As stated above, the first was in 1835 when I was baptised as an infant at White Cottage. In 1844 I was present at one south of Brownsville. The next was at Wilburs, in 1845, which I have heretofore mentioned. Then in 1848 at Chillcotes. In 1859 at Frankfort, O. In 1868 at Washington C. H., O., (a detailed account of which is to be found at another place.) In 1871 at Piketon, or rather Wakefield. In 1872 at Urbana, in 1877 at Lancaster, (of this enterprise I was one of the originators.) In 1892 Asbury Heights, West Va. In 1893 at Chautauqua, N. Y., and in 1907 at North Field, Mass.

When William and I were small boys we had heard much of the joys of receiving Christmas presents. Somehow we were led to believe, if we could get to our grand-father Coffman's house quite early on Christmas morning, we would be abundantly rewarded. So one Christmas morning we arose early and trudged through the snow to our grand-father's house, one-fourth of a mile. We rapped vigorously on his sleeping room door. After a while grand-mother opened the door to hear a volley of "Christmas gifts!" "Christmas gifts!" in her ears. Grand-father cried out,

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"What in the world are you children after?" Pretty soon our grand-mother took a pan and filled it with shelled corn. Then she went out, and, while feeding her chickens, she caught a rooster and gave him to William, and then she caught a hen and gave it to me. Having thanked her for her gifts, we boys walked home with the rooster and hen squawking at every step.

In the autumn, when it was known that the Whigs had elected Zachary Taylor President, our nearest village, Mt. Sterling, was moved to illuminate the town and have a display of fire works to celebrate the occasion. With other boys William and I were permitted to go. At night every window in the town on the main street had at least one lighted candle in it. And in the streets three or four balls of candle-wicking saturated with turpentine, were ignited, and blazing were thrown in the streets from boy to boy, making to our eyes a great pyrotechnic display.

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Johnny Martin.

IN that community, lived a very odd character who was familiarly known by the name of Johnny Martin. He was never married, but was always going to be. He thought it best, in his imaginary courtship, to make love to two women at a time. Of two of these he said at one time, "If I had my choice, I would have Chloe; but I would rather have Nancy." Throughout his life he had for his shelter any abandoned tumbled-down cabin or barn. Sometimes he lived in a rail pen in the forest. No man in the community was more industrious, and none more strictly honest in his dealings. But in business he never got anywhere. In his lifetime, which was fully seventy years, he had bought probably twenty sites for a dwelling, but he never got any farther along in a building on any of them than a collection of logs, and here and there a door or a window frame.

During his life he may have owned a hundred different horses, but never one worth more than five dollars. The harness he used consisted of odd straps or chains which he bought at some public venders for a "fip-and-a-bit" (six and a fourth cents), and these he fastened together by hickory withes. The

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wagons he owned were old creaky wabbling things, the wheels of which made tracks in the highways like those of a drunken man.

He had a mania to own wheat fanning mills, a piece of one seeming to be as precious to him as a new complete mill. It was not an uncommon sight to see twenty of these old "wind mills", as he called them, standing around the place he called home.

It was his custom on renting a field to put in wheat to proceed after the following fashion. Not to plow all the surface, not to harrow all he plowed, nor to sow all the ground he had harrowed. He did not cut with the cradle all the wheat that grew in the field; he did not bind all he cut, nor shock all he bound, nor thresh all he shocked, nor winnow all he threshed, nor take to market all he winnowed.

His life was an example to the world of what a failure a man can make who for a long life was very industrious, and who was strictly honest in all his business transactions. He seemed to gather only the chaff, and then let the wind blow it away.

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The Old Coffman Farm.

IT was on the 10th of April, 1845, that we moved from the Carper farm, where I was born, to the old William Coffman farm. There the family home, continued to be, until all of us had reached our majority, and were settled in homes of our own. We found this old farm a good place to add to our present stock of pet animals many of which we fell heir to in buying the farm. We took the same pleasure that most farmer's sons do in colts, calves, lambs, and pigs, but we added to these geese, chickens, Muscavy ducks, turkeys, pea fowls, guineas, pigeons, and rabbits. There was a genuine pleasure to us in the raising of these, and listening to their many voices was music to our ears.

We were never without a watch dog and a pet cat. In the winter we caught the wild rabbits and trapped the quails. In the spring time we tapped the sugar trees, and helped to make maple syrup; and we sought out the service trees for the June berries. As a result of our squirrel hunting we had now and then savory meat for dinner. We roamed among the hills for the laurel bloom and for morsels of winter green. In the autumn we gathered our black haws and wild grapes.

Cattle Driving.

BEGINNING with 1849 and ending with 1852, my father joined in partnership with my Uncles William and John Coffman and other men of our community in buying, from time to time, droves of cattle, hogs and sheep, and driving them eastward across the Allegheny mountains to supply the eastern markets. In the first trip brother William went with fattened hogs to Cumberland, Md. From that point to Baltimore they shipped by train. This trip filled his mind with thrilling stories of what he had seen and experienced in the world—the recital of which awakened in me a great desire for a similar adventure. The next season my father and Uncle John Coffman became partners and bought a drove of one hundred and sixty cattle to take over the mountains. I had an over mastering desire to go with that drove. This I made known to my parents who took the case in hand, and in due time, informed me that I could go. At that time I was a boy in the seventeenth year of my age. It was after harvest, and we were to start on a certain Monday morning. I spent all the afternoon of the preceding Sunday in going about the farm and bidding good-by to all my pets. None of them was quite so dear to me as Lion, my dog.

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Early the next morning we started with the cattle. On foot I trudged behind the drove all day, a distance of at least twelve miles. It was our hope that at Zanesville we could swim the cattle across the Muskingum river; but when we came to the river (on the Putnam side,) the cattle refused to swim, and they broke away from us, running in a half dozen different directions through many streets of Putnam. I was wholly unable to control them. After a chase of an hour or two the horsemen of our party, were able to collect the cattle and to rush them across what was then known as the lower bridge. Passing through the streets of Zanesville, we reached the farm home of Mr. Parkinson. There we got some supper. The day's experience taught me that the cattle would not swim a river. And I knew, that in about one week, we would reach the Ohio river at Moundsville, where there was no bridge. Then again the whole county had a scourge of Asiatic cholera, a most fatal disease; and I had learned that it lurked in the towns along the large river. Because of these two perils I was filled with dread, as we had necessarily to approach the Ohio river. I regretted that I had started with the drove. But I did not tell my father, who was with us. That home-sickness spoiled all the pleasures of that journey during the first long week.

On the morning of the seventh day we started down Pipe creek, which stream we crossed forty-seven times in going seven miles. The noon resting hour

found us in a grove on the banks of the creek. I knew that before night we would reach the dreaded river. Having started our drove, we soon came to the river bottom. I saw a misty cloud that hung over the river, and in it, I thought, cholera germs were floating. This added to the fear that the cattle would again break and become unmanageable, put me mentally in purgatory. We reached the ferry, and Lewis Thompson, led his "lead ox" into the small boat, and soon some ten more oxen were crowded into the boat and the boatman soon began to pole this bunch of cattle across the river. Without much urging presently the whole drove were swimming the river in good order. In less than fifteen minutes the whole drove was on the farther bank in the state of Virginia. The little ferry boat came back and took me and my father and my uncle, with their two horses, over. Soon the cattle were in a pasture field near the mound, and we were eating our supper in the hotel. At that time the town was infested by many dogs. Their barking in the night kept me awake. At times in my dreams I thought I could hear the cattle, driven by the vicious dogs, running through the streets, but when morning came, I found it was all a dream. Then and there I dropped my home-sickness. From that time until I reached home I was content and free from fear. At Jefferson in Wayne county, Pennsylvania, we had shown to us a small bottle filled with oil from a spring located near by. This proved

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to be but a mere hint of oil that soon flowed from that region like a river. The Allegheny Mountains, with all their inspiring scenery, the pure air and clear drinking water, and the health giving food all helped to develop me as a growing boy.

A short time before we crossed the mountains with our first drove a thrilling accident caused the death of Cyrus Risley, whose mother's home was at East Fultonham, then called Crooke's Bridge, in Muskingum county, Ohio.

He was leading an ox in front of a drove of cattle up Laurel Hill in Pennsylvania. One end of the rope was fastened around the horns of the ox, and the other end naturally was in the hands of young Risley. He became tired of holding the rope in his hand and looped it around his waist. Suddenly the ox threw his head to the left to drive away the flies; and this jerked the rope that was around the body of the boy. He fell, and of course, was helpless. This frightened the lead ox, and he turned and ran into the drove. This frightened the whole drove. The boy's body was trampled upon and soon torn to shreds on the rocks and logs along the road. This incident taught me never to fasten a rope around my waist at any time nor any where.

For many days in the early part of our mountain travel I suffered from a blood boil on the back of my neck. Each night we stopped at a new hotel, the larger number of which were kept by Germans. Each

night the landlady had for me a new but certain remedy. In spite of all, my suffering increased until we reached a village called Bloody-run. There the landlord was a retired dentist. He had a lance that had a curved blade, once used to cut around the gums of teeth. With this lance he opened the boil. "Just as it killed me" relief came. He molified the wound, and in a day or two I was comfortable and went on down the Blue Junietta river. This river, and the eels that swam in its waters, and the legends connected with it, made a deep impression on my mind.

Let me here insert a song we sang in school about those who lived on the banks of this river before the white man came:

"Wild roved an Indian girl
 Bright Alfaretta,
 Where sweeps the water of
 The Blue Junietta.
 Swift as an antelope
 Through the forest going,
 Loose were her jetty locks
 In wavy tresses flowing.
 Gay was the mountain song of
 Bright Alfaretta,
 Where sweeps the water of
 The Blue Junietta.
 Strong and true my arrows are
 In my painted quiver;
 Swift goes my light canoe,
 Adown the rapid river.
 Bold is my warrior good
 The love of Alfaretta.

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Proud waves the snowy plume
Along the Junietta.
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then his war cry sounding
Brings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding.
So sang the Indian girl,
Bright Alfaretta,
Where sweeps the waters of
The Blue Junietta,
Fleeting years have borne away
The voice of Alfaretta,
But still sweeps the river on,
The Blue Junietta.

At a hotel on the banks of this river our landlord permitted us to pull off our boots with a jack once used by Gen. George Washington, when he was a guest at that hotel.

Having crossed these interesting mountains we reached the foot of the whole range at Strawsburg, Pa. Passing on, we came to Shippensburg where I first saw a steam car railroad. This was in 1850. When we reached Harrisburg, the Susquehannah river was so low that we concluded to ford it for the relief of our cattle. Following the cattle, and watching as they marched along as to the depth of the water, I was able to cross the river, which at that place is one mile and a quarter wide, without getting into water more than knee deep.

At West Chester, Pa., we sold the drove, and took up the journey home over the same road making an

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average of thirty-three miles per day. This speed was four times as swift as that which we made with the cattle.

On reaching home my mother told me that my pet dog Lion was dead. He had been chained at night beside a log stable and attempting to climb the wall he fell between the logs on the other side, and hung himself. I visited his grave with as much sincere grief as I ever had on visiting the grave of any of my friends.

Early the next spring William and I went on to Philadelphia with two large droves, one of stock hogs and the other of fat cattle. And again I went the next August to Harrisburg, Pa., with a drove of sheep. This time we came home by rail as far as Fetterman, Va., which at that time was the western terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. At this point we took stage coach for St. Mary's Va., and Marietta, Ohio, where we took a steam boat for Zanesville.

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School Teaching in the South.

IT was in the autumn of 1852 that I went to the High School in Putnam. While there I became interested in personal religion, and in the Putnam Methodist church I was converted. Soon after this, while I was seated in my room at the home of Mr. Levi Clark reading the New Testament, God called me to preach the gospel.

The next fall William and I went south. For two months we tarried at West Point, Ky., where we both taught in the village school. Journeying southward, we stopped to admire the wonders of Mammoth Cave. In this wonderful cavern we made a journey of 18 miles, which means nine miles in, and nine miles out.

At that time negro slavery was in an undisturbed condition in the south. At Murfreesboro, Tenn., on January 1, 1854, I attended a slave auction and the annual hiring of slaves. The men and the women that were to be hired out for a year and those to be sold, were arranged in a row around the court house, which stood in the center of the town. They were dressed in gorgeous colors. Both the hirers and the buyers made examinations of the slaves after the manner that horse buyers examine horses. After the

hiring of all that were there in the market, then came selling. There were only some five present to be sold.

In one case a mother and her babe were offered. Her husband, a black free man, was an anxious bidder against a buyer from the state of Mississippi. The mother and the child sold for \$1125.00, which was \$125.00 more than the husband had saved up for that purpose. That night at the railroad station I witnessed the heart-rending scene of the parting of the husband from his wife. He was to remain in Murfreesboro, and she to go to a plantation in the far south.

Among those sold that day, was a nice bright seventeen year old boy, by the name of Will. Many wanted to buy him. In order that all might see him, he was placed on the top of the stone fence which surrounded the court house. It was the custom, when a slave was put on the block, for men who thought of buying, to ask the slave if he would like to live with them. As soon as Will was put up some half dozen men in unison cried out, "Will, would you like to live with me?" He, with great emotion replied, "I am willing to live with anybody who will treat me well." This was too much for my tender heart, and tears came to my eyes. I slipped away behind the court house to wipe my eyes, lest I be detected as a "Yankee free soiler."

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The whole sentiment of the south at that time was in favor of slavery as the best thing for the negro; and they buttressed their argument with quotations from the scriptures, for they claimed that the Bible defended the institution.

We found a select school at Unionville, Bedford county, Tennessee, which William taught from January till June. We boarded with Mr. James Wilson, who was the owner of ten slaves. He was, however, mild in his treatment of them.

College Life.

IN the autumn of 1854, William and I were ready to go to the college at Delaware, where he was a sophomore and I hoped to enter as a freshman.

We were to board ourselves. For that reason we took with us quite a good supply of provisions. William and I occupied one room in the home of a Mrs. Knowlton, whose home still stands on the east side of Sandusky street, a little south of the Springfield railroad tracks. That room was our bath room, kitchen, dining room, study and parlor. In the winter William had an attack of lung fever. I was his nurse, and of that business I knew nothing except to give him the medicine according to the physician's orders. It is now a wonder to me that he survived, for our whole outfit was quite contrary to that now used in a modern hospital.

Two terms ended our effort at self-boarding. After that for a year or two we boarded with the Rev. Henry Van Deman. After that for many months we roomed at Mr. John McElroy's, on William street, and most of the time took meals with Mr. B. Dickinson, and finally with Mrs. Little. After William was graduated he was elected a tutor in the college. His room was in Elliott Hall. I selected a class-mate, by the name of Hubbard Fish, as my room-mate, still retaining the room at Mr. J. McElroy's.

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June 10, 1858, I was graduated in a class of twenty-four. At that time there were five men in the faculty, viz., Edward Thomson, Frederick Merrick, Lorenzo D. McCabe, Wm. L. Harris, and Wm. G. Williams. These were assisted by three tutors, viz., Samuel W. Williams, T. C. O'Kane, and John Ogden.

The Ohio Wesleyan Female College was not opened until 1856.

Soon after I entered college I became a member of the Athenian Literary Society. I worked hard for its success. Not disparaging the other three societies that then existed, it was true while I was in college, that no society exerted a better influence on its members than the Athenian. At that time there was but one fraternity in existence in the college, viz., "The Eclectic Association." Among the honors conferred on me was an invitation to membership in that fraternity, which I accepted.

Up to the time that I entered college I had not attempted to cultivate my voice, not giving attention to music; but under Tutor T. C. O'Kane, I was encouraged to try to learn to sing. At the end of one lesson, under him, I was able to sing Boylston—after a fashion. This same teacher led me into the choral society—or college glee club. Mr. George Mather, a class-mate, was quite an expert with a violin. Through him I became the owner of a very good one myself. This same instrument is now in the possession of one of my grand-sons, Francis P. Mathews.

Ministerial Career.

IN my senior year in college I got the consent of my mind to do what I was convinced God would have me do, and that was to become a minister of the Gospel.

In the spring of 1858, the Rev. Alexander Nelson, then my pastor, gave me license to exhort. On the 28th of February, 1858, in company with young Mr. Butler, a student in the college, I was called to hold services in Delhi, in Delaware county, Ohio. This was my first entrance into a pulpit. My text was—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

On leaving Delaware, I went to my father's home in Muskingum county; and on the 26th of June, 1858, the Quarterly Conference of Asbury Circuit gave me license to preach. At the same time I was recommended to the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church for membership.

The following are the names of the members of that Quarterly Conference: The Rev. John W. White, Presiding Elder; the Rev. Samuel Harvey, preacher-in-charge; the Rev. David Mann, junior preacher; the Rev. David Olive, local elder. The other members are as follows: John Dannison, Franklin Bisant,

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John Bisant, R. Reed, J. H. Green, Andrew Ensminger, Wm. Roberts, Benjamin Bagley, John Sniff, James Tanner, H. N. Cook, Dr. T. A. Reamy, George Rutledge, John Morgan, S. R. Tucker, J. Burgess, John Prior, Abram Prior, James H. Frampton, Z. McCammon, J. L. Manley, Phillip Sain, Manley Roberts and James J. King.

Having preached six times in the churches near home, I went to the annual conference, held that year at Marietta. At that time Rev. Jacob Young was the senior member of the conference. He was then nearly blind. During the session of the conference I sought an interview with him. He remembered my grand-father, William Coffman, and the hospitality his home had afforded him in his ministry. In addressing me he called me "Bub", which I recognized as appropriate. I now have as distinct impression of that session of the conference as I have of any of the fifty-four I have attended since that date.

I was appointed junior preacher of Etna and Granville Circuit. The Rev. W. C. Filler was the senior preacher. In going to that circuit I left my father's home on horseback. It required a struggle for my parents to spare me; for at that time William was acting as a tutor in the college at Delaware, and my younger and only other brother, John W. King, had gone to the same college to enter the freshman class. This left my father and my mother without a child at home, and they in charge of a large farm.

As I rode on Saturday up to Granville, I had very rightfully many misgivings as to my readiness for such an important work. But I had put my hands to the plow, and it would be cowardly to look back.

On reaching Granville, late Saturday afternoon, I sought the home of Benjamin Evans, whose family offered me their parlor for my study; and with them I boarded for one year. That year I rode a horse which my father gave me, and I used a pair of saddlebags which I had bought at the public sale, when the property of the Rev. Samuel Hamilton was disposed of.

The plan of Etna and Granville Circuit was as follows: The first Sabbath morning I preached in Granville, and in the afternoon at Slough's school house. The next Sabbath morning at Park's Chapel, and in the afternoon at York street. Then the next Sabbath morning I was due at Lima, in the early afternoon at Jersey, and later at Sensebaugh's—now Summit Station; and the last Sabbath of the round I preached in the morning at Etna, early in the afternoon at Pataskala, and later at Columbia Center.

It was a wise arrangement that one so modestly equipped for the ministry as I was should by the law of the church, be changed to a new pastoral charge at the end of one year. So, for my good, and I think for the relief of the people of my first circuit, at the next session of the annual conference I was appointed junior preacher on Tarlton Circuit, the Rev. John T. Miller being the preacher-in-charge. That year I

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bought a buggy, and paid for it in installments. This I succeeded in doing, since Mr. Joseph Shoemaker, in whose home I lived during the year, charged me only one dollar per week for my room, my fuel and light, my board, my washing and the keeping of my horse. My salary was \$250.00. My clothing and books did not cost me more than \$100.00 per year; for this reason I could pay \$100.00 per year to the Rev. D. D. Mather, my Presiding Elder, of whom I had bought my buggy.

I here give the names of the preaching places on the circuit in the order in which I served them on my first round. I began at Tarlton on a Sabbath morning, and went to Union and preached at 2:30 p. m. The next Saturday afternoon I preached in a log church, having slabs with no bark for pews, and tallow candles used at night for lighting. This church was called Hopewell Laurel. The next morning I preached at South Perry, and at 2:30 p. m. at Buena Vista. The next Sabbath I preached in the morning at Hopewell, and at Hamburg in the afternoon, and at night at Oakland. And the next Sabbath I preached at Bethany in the morning, at Pleasant Hill at 2:30, and at night at Tarlton.

At the end of that year I rode in my buggy to Gallipolis, the seat of the conference, a distance of about seventy miles. Many of the ministers came on horseback. The steamboats on the Ohio river afforded transportation to only a few, whose homes were located along its shores. The Methodist Church at

that time in that place was small. Very many people wished to hear Bishop Simpson preach. Mr. Aleshire, a citizen of that place, gave us the use of his orchard, where seats were improvised. There the Sabbath services were held, and kneeling on the ground the members of our class were ordained to the Deacon's office.

At this time I had some quite mature ideas as to the state of the country and as to what was needed to check the advance of slavery. I arranged to keep my boarding place with Joseph Shoemaker at Tarlton, so that I might not lose my vote at the fall election. In company with Mr. Shoemaker I went to Stringtown, where we voted for Abraham Lincoln for president of the United States.

My third circuit was Johnstown, associated with the Rev. Jacob Martin, who was preacher-in-charge. I began at Chatham, where I preached in the morning, and in the afternoon at Cokesbury. The next Sabbath morning at Fredonia, and in the afternoon at Fletcher. The next Sabbath at Johnstown, at 2:30 at Appleton, and at night at Concord. And the next Sabbath morning at Wesley, and in the afternoon at Hartford.

My home was with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Horton, at Fredonia. My salary (allowed) was \$260.00, not all paid. In the autumn, winter and spring, for twenty-seven weeks nearly in succession, I was engaged in special meetings. This was a severe draft on my physical energies. Before the year ended, the civil war broke out.

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During the summer of 1861, on a certain Sabbath day, I was delivering a funeral sermon over the dead body of a soldier in the Methodist church in Johnstown. The house was filled with people. Both the front doors were left open. During the delivering of the sermon two sheep walked up the western aisle, as far as the location of the stove, before they were driven out of the church.

In the autumn of 1861, I was made the station preacher at Harmar, which is that part of Marietta west of the Muskingum river. I was fortunate enough to be invited to board with my Presiding Elder, the Rev. B. N. Spahr. My church was located on the market square, and from its door we had a full view of Williamstown, which was at that time in the state of Virginia, and, according to the geographic view of the Confederates, was a part of the Southern Confederacy.

At that time the steamboats and the trains were crowded with soldiers, that were moving to and fro, at military command.

During the Morgan raid I was called into camp, and remained ready for orders for three or four days. As soon as Gen. Morgan and his company were captured, I was released not having been mustered into formal service, I was of course not formally mustered out. I much desired to enter the army, and, when I was invited to an army chaplaincy, I pressed the case both before my parents and my Presiding Elder; but

both parties claimed I was more needed to care for the wives and children of the soldiers already in the field, than I was on the firing line.

While I was in the home of the Spahr family, two incidents occurred, both with little Charlie, who was not yet four years old. On one occasion, when I was left alone in the house with him, and his brother George, little Charlie swallowed an old fashioned one cent piece. Instantly I threw him on his stomach on my lap, and, striking him on the back with my hand, he disgorged the coin and was at once relieved.

The residence Mr. Spahr occupied faced towards the bank of the Muskingum river. In front there were a side-walk, a dusty driveway and then the precipitous bank of the river. Near that point was a narrow road leading down to a place at the river where stock was sometimes watered. Hundreds of army horses were at that time being cared for in the town. Being in my study in the front room, I suddenly heard the rush of loose horses, hastening to be watered at the river. I looked out and saw little Charlie's white head in the street, where he was playing in the sand; but instantly a cloud of dust hid the child from my sight. I dashed down stairs to rescue him, if possible, when to my relief the little fellow came running to me, affrighted but fortunately unharmed.

In 1863, I was assigned to Main street church, Chillicothe. It was my good fortune to secure boarding with Mr. and Mrs. William Wayland. It seemed

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necessary for a good part of the time, while I was pastor of that church, to act as the superintendent of the Sabbath school. This station was the first one I ever had that gave me a wide and inviting field. It received my best endeavors.

While I was there, the end of the civil war came; and it brought to us all a great thrill of joy. Immediately after a general jubilee over the close of the war, came one Saturday morning the sad news of the assassination of President Lincoln. My own mind was so full of that occurrence that I could preach on no other subject on Sabbath morning.

At the end of two years at Main street, I was assigned to Christie Chapel in Columbus. This was then known as a City Mission. Soon after I entered upon this work the Presiding Elder, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Jameson, added to Christie Chapel, Heath Chapel and the Sabbath school at Mt. Pleasant, which is now Third Avenue church.

On the 28th of November, 1865, I was united in marriage with Miss Ella A. Bowen, at Waterford, Ohio, my brother William F. King, officiating. After our marriage my wife and I made a trip to Washington City; and, returning, we visited for a short time with my parents in Muskingum county. That year we boarded a part of the time with Mrs. Eunice Dickerman, who resided on Seventh street, near Long street; and the remainder of the time with the Rev. and Mrs. C. A. VanAnda in the Town street parsonage.

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As there was no parsonage at Christie Chapel, we thought it best to ask the conference to assign us to a church where there was a parsonage. The result was, we were appointed to Sixth Street Church in Portsmouth. My wife's parents gave us some furniture, and we fell heir to some that came from the late home of an aunt of my wife, Mrs. Rebecca Whitney. My parents added some articles for our setting up, and wife and I went on a steamboat to Cincinnati where we bought a set of parlor furniture and a parlor carpet. To us was born in Portsmouth, on the 18th day of October, our daughter Mary. That year we were prematurely removed from Portsmouth and assigned to Washington C. H. Ohio. Our people there were worshiping in the old frame church. The new brick was not finished, and not ready for use until in the winter. The next season we built a comfortable parsonage on the church lot. While we were in Washington C. H., there occurred about two o'clock in the afternoon on a clear day, a total eclipse of the sun, an event few who witnessed it, will ever forget.

The second summer that we were living in Washington C. H., word came to me through Mr. Charles Dean, who had been canvassing the southern part of Fayette county in the interest of the American Bible Society, that Mr. Anderson DeWitt and his brother and the neighbors in the community wished to root out a dancing club that had been formed in that

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vicinity, which they thought was demoralizing to the young people. To that end they asked for a camp-meeting. These men offered the free use of the grounds and they volunteered to feed one hundred horses, if I would agree to hold such a meeting on their grounds. After I had secured the co-operation of some of the neighboring pastors and the consent of the Rev. T. H. Phillips, my Presiding Elder, I accepted the offer. For quite a number of years we held on these grounds what we were pleased to call Chillicothe District Campmeetings. As a result of the first year's services the Lord wrought in that community a great reformation, and some fifty united with the church, among them Mr. Josiah Hopkins. When these meetings closed, the converts united to form Camp-Grove church.

On the 30th day of April, 1869, our second daughter, Julia Ella, was born in the new parsonage at Washington C. H.

At the end of three years at Washington C. H., we were assigned again to Main Street in Chillicothe. I put forth a vigorous effort to raise money in that church to secure a parsonage. This desirable result did not come during my pastorate, but it did come soon after, much to the credit of the church and the comfort of the pastor.

On the 20th of April, 1871, there was born to us at Chillicothe, Grace Bowen, who came to gladden our home.

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That autumn, while Chicago was burning, our conference met in Washington C. H., and I was assigned to the station at London. There we had a nice parsonage, partially furnished. We loved and enjoyed the people, and I have reasons to think that our admiration was reciprocated. That pastorate was in London district, and there was no reason why I should dictate as to who should be Presiding Elder on an adjacent district. During the session of the conference held in Zanesville, in 1872, some of us young men learned that Bishop Scott was about to appoint a man as Presiding Elder at Chillicothe who had been but a short time a member of our conference. I joined in asking the Presiding Bishop not to do so. He heeded our request, and he made that man pastor at London, and he sent me to be the Presiding Elder of Chillicothe District.

For the four years that I continued in that office, we lived in a rented house on the southwest corner of High and Mill streets Chillicothe. There on the 1st day of February, 1873, little Charles Fenton was born, and on the 10th day of August that same year his spirit was taken to Heaven. We laid his body in our family lot in Woodlawn cemetery, at Zanesville. Since that event more than forty years have passed, and death has not again taken a member of our immediate family.

It was on the 13th of June, 1875, that Florence Hosmer was born in the city of Chillicothe. In the

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month of May, 1876, my wife and I visited the world's fair at Philadelphia, and later we went on to New York, thus securing a much needed rest of two or three weeks, which we both much appreciated.

There was added to the societies of Chillicothe District during the term I served it, the following named societies: Alma, Camp-Grove, Dublin Hill and Otterbein.

I was assigned to the pastorate of Town street church, Columbus, in 1876. Three years after this I was made Presiding Elder of London district. During the four years of service there the following named societies were added: Edgefield, King, Pherson, Renick and Spring View.

Miscellaneous Matters connected with the Ministry.

DURING the month of May, 1880, I was honored by being a delegate to the General Conference, which met in Cincinnati.

During the fall of 1879 we bought our home at 775 East Broad street, in Columbus, and early in April, 1880, we moved to it.

It was on February 10th, 1883, that Charles L. Bowen, my father-in-law, passed to his eternal reward.

In 1883, I was appointed pastor of Saint Paul's church, Delaware. While I was serving this church my mother, Mariam L. King, died on the 9th day of September, 1884.

At our conference held in Circleville, in 1884, Bishop Merrill made me Presiding Elder of Zanesville District. During the six years I held this office the following churches were added: Cannelville, Glouster, Euclid avenue, Zanesville; Fairmount, Main street, Newark; Millfield, and Moxahala.

On the 1st day of February, 1885, my father, James J. King, died; and September 10, 1885, Mrs. Mary Wilson Bowen, my mother-in-law, passed away.

In the active years of my ministry I have been called on to officiate at the dedication of the following churches: Alma, Bethel (on Sedalia charge), Bourne-

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ville, Cannalville, Davis, Dublin Hill, Edgefield, Gilivan, Hebron (on Mt. Sterling charge), Hilliards, Jacksonville, King, Lower Glade, Moxahala (on Corning circuit), North Columbus, Pearl, Saltillo, Spring View, Thurston, Toboso, Trimble, and Trinity (on Piketon circuit).

While I was serving Zanesville District as Presiding Elder, the Ohio Conference elected me as a delegate to the General Conference which met in New York.

It was the aim of my wife and myself to give to our daughters a good college education. While we lived in Delaware, the two older ones were students in the Ohio Wesleyan University; and after that they were in a private school of high grade, taught by Miss Annabel, in Philadelphia. After that Julia finished her school life, being graduated at Cornell College, Iowa. Grace Bowen completed the course of study at Vassar College, and Florence, after spending some time at Cornell College, in Iowa, finished her education at Mt. Vernon Ladies school, in Washington City.

At the time I was appointed pastor at St. Paul's, Delaware, we vacated our home in Columbus, and, in the autumn of 1886, we returned to it. There we have had our residence through the intervening years.

At the end of my term of service on Zanesville District, having continued as pastor and presiding elder for thirty-two successive years, I thought it best to take a year off for travel and rest.

Trip through Europe.

OUR whole family, consisting of myself, my wife and four daughters, embarked for Antwerp, Belgium, sailing on the Steamship Friesland, on the 15th of October, 1900. After a smooth passage we landed at Antwerp ten days later. The sight of men and women wearing wooden shoes, women sweeping the streets, dogs drawing the milk carts about the city, and hearing the Dutch language everywhere, all this was strange.

At the hotel our breakfast consisted of rolls and coffee. Our bed had feather ticks underneath, and one on top instead of quilts and blankets.

As we went on a train up to Amsterdam, we had our first experience with custom house officers.

It was a strange experience to us to travel through a country the surface of which is lower than the sea. There were canals to mark the boundary of the farms and fields. Beside each of the canals is a highway, and along each is a row of trees to furnish fuel for the people. Having spent a day or two in Amsterdam, we came southward and enjoyed a visit at The Hague.

Returning, we were soon in Brussels, where we visited lace making shops. In these we learned that it takes a whole day for a woman to make a piece of lace as large as a half dollar, for which she receives

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twenty-five cents. In Belgium a citizen is taxed for the number of doors, windows and chimneys in his house.

At Cologne, in Germany, we saw our first pontoon bridge. It was on the river Rhine and rested on some thirty or forty boats.

At Bonn, we visited a house where Bethoven once lived, and saw two of his violins and several of the pianos he used when he was living.

The students of the university of that city have the free use of a beer-garden.

The hills all along the famous river were covered with grape vines.

We secured passage in a boat in order that as we ascended the Rhine river, we might get a good view of the castles and other scenery.

At Koblenz, the men were away from home as soldiers, and the women were left to do all the work. To us it was an odd sight to see oxen using their horns to push a load, rather than pulling it in a yoke on the neck.

For a short time we were tarrying in a small hotel on the Rhine. None of us could fluently speak the German. We were anxious to buy a basket of grapes; but none of us were able to make the servant understand what our wants were. Finally Julia drew a cluster of grapes on a bit of paper, and as soon as the servant saw it he exclaimed, "trauben!" In a trice the trauben were brought.

When we first looked on Frankfort, we concluded that it was a city that belonged to former generations. We refer to the prevailing style of architecture, the works of art as seen in the galleries and the habits of the people. These all seemed to tell us of the excellencies and the refinements that prevailed soon after the reformation. On a closer investigation we concluded that the most of this is on the surface; that in truth these people are up to date, and have a proper claim to be leaders in science.

In sauntering through one of the buildings of the Heidelberg University, we were surprised to find four rooms used as prisons for university students. And stranger yet is the fact that the culprits were so devoid of shame as to adorn the vacated rooms with their photographs.

At a hotel in the town we saw nine students seated at their dinner table, with that number of bottles of champagne at their plates.

They of former years, who occupied the castle, had perhaps greater fondness for strong drink. In that old castle is a wine hogshead that holds a thousand barrels. The pump that brought the wine to the dining room was in size like the old town pump of our own country. In the kitchen of this castle is a spit large enough to roast a whole ox at once.

On further traveling in Germany we found letter carriers who receive but twenty-five cents per day.

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Many peasant families are so poor that they can afford to serve meat at their tables but once or twice in a year. Maids, who do house work, can be had for \$40.00 per year.

We all know that the clock with the most complicated machinery ever made is in the Cathedral at Strassburg. Of course we paid our respects to it. Some parts of this wonderful clock are only to be wound up once in a thousand years.

Prominent to the eye of all visitors in Paris is the Madeleine, which is an ancient church that has no opening in the wall except the door, the light being admitted in the skylight. Also I visited the Notre Dame Cathedral, out from whose walls shoot many grotesque figures called gargoyles.

For a long time I cudgled my brain to solve, if possible, their purpose. I thought of the scripture that promises that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against the church;" and I concluded these were vanquishing demons. Afterward I found the further purpose of a gargoyle was to conduct rainwater off the church.

The stranger is impressed with the cleanness of the streets of Paris. Every day even the lamp posts are burnished. Every cab is clean and bright as if new, the horse is well groomed, his harness shines. The driver is dressed as you would expect him to be if he were on his way to church. His silk hat is of the latest style. The frame house that the owner does not

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paint at least once in ten years the city promptly paints for him. The bill for it he will pay when he goes to pay his taxes.

While we were in France, the people were still mourning over the greed of the Germans, who in war time, they claimed, took from Paris five train loads of silver and gold.

Out at Versailles we saw something of the extravagant use of money that was made in former years. To prepare the grounds for the palace, there was an outlay of \$2,000,000. One of the halls is 560 feet long, the walls of which are now hung with pictures. One of these is a battle scene between the French and Algerians, and this picture is 71 feet long, and 20 feet wide. In the palace is a picture of Madame de Maintenon who rode in a sleigh over a roadway strewn with salt and sugar to represent snow.

In one of the rooms is a mirror in which you can see the people about you but you cannot see yourself. As you look up you can see a part of yourself but you cannot see your eyes. On the wall is a clock with the hand still pointing to the moment when Louis the XV died, at which minute the hands of the clock ceased to move. In another room is a statue of Napoleon Bonaparte dying and in his hand is a map of the world.

At the Cluney Museum there is such a display of the table forks used in ages past, and on to the present, that it is an object lesson teaching the changes of styles as year come on. At the same place we saw

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relics of the most ancient pianos, and then specimens showing the improvements made in the instrument, until we have in view before us one of the latest and most improved instruments.

As the winter season was coming on, we started southward, tarrying for a time at Geneva, in Switzerland. This city is built on a lake of the same name. Its water is exceedingly clear and pure. The gulls make this lake the place of their resort. The people of the city feed them daily at 11 o'clock. These birds can pluck and appropriate the food thrown them in the air or in the water with equal facility.

While we were in this part of Switzerland we visited a farm house, which in that country includes the barn, and stable, and all the out-buildings. All is under one roof or at least a continuous roof. When snow comes, it is often very deep, and remains on the ground several months; for this reason the farmers have a place under cover for every beast, every fowl, every vehicle, every tool, his food stuff, all his fuel, and all his seeds both for the field and the garden. The providence and the ingenuity here displayed filled my mind both with wonder and admiration. In places the water of Lake Geneva is 360 feet deep.

Passing under the Alps in the Mont Cennis tunnel, a distinct impression was made on our minds, for it is 30 miles in length. When we reached the southern end, we had our first sight of olive trees, which in shape are so like apple trees that we at first mistook the olive

orchard for an apple orchard. These trees were in full leaf, for the tree is not deciduous. At that time they were covered with snow.

Reaching Milan, we feasted our eyes on the finest Cathedral of the world. The exterior is so constructed as to appear to be a cloud-like covering of lace work made of the whitest and purest marble. Within, the artist has shown his skill in presenting the twelve apostles in marble; and the wonder of wonders is in the work on St. Bartholomew, whose form and feature are kept both in his muscles and in his skin, for he is represented as partially flayed.

This Cathedral cost \$110,000,000.

All travelers have a desire to see Venice, a city built on piling driven in the sea. The streets are the sea itself. Of course the means of transportation is in boats, which are called gondolas, and for some reason they are all painted black. The walls of the houses once were white, but now are stained by the water causing them to look old and dingy. The city has no horses, nor carts, nor carriages. It abounds in well built churches, adorned with much costly statuary. St. George's church is located on an island where there are but few residents. Many of the people are poor. To provide them with something to eat, at the lowest cost, one finds on the streets here and there kettles with boiled chestnuts, and others with boiled turnips.

One of the churches in Venice, called Salute, was built at the end of a great plague, which occurred in

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1630. It was built as a thank offering to God that the plague was stayed. To this day the people, in November, annually repair to this church to give thanks to God. In front of St. Mark's Cathedral, in this city, is a wide piazza where daily the pigeons are fed. The people gather at the appointed hour to witness this feast for the birds.

There are stands all over the city where fortune tellers ply their trade, charging the customer twenty centimes, which in our money is four cents, for the service.

We found Florence a city much devoted to art. There are many art galleries, one of which is so extensive as to find its way in the upper part of a bridge across the river Arno; and is nearly as extensive on one side of the river as it is on the other. In this bridge we found thirty-two jewelry shops. We find here what we found in five other cities in Italy, a palace for the king. The guide in this one showed us in the dining room, sets of solid gold spoons and also of knives and forks.

Now we pass on to the city of Rome. In this city, side by side, we find ancient moss-grown buildings, and those which are strictly modern.

One of the largest of the ancient structures is the Coliseum, which was founded by Vaspasian 1840 years ago. The monarch of ancient times used captive Jews in building this vast structure. The foundation stones are laid nearly as many feet under the surface

of the earth as the present top of the building is above the surface. It was a building without a roof. The entertainments were all in the day time. At first the gladiators who were slaves, seeking freedom, were required to successfully slay wild beasts, before the eyes of the spectators, in order to become free men.

As time went on bull fighting was the entertainment; then the slaughter of captives and of criminals, and in later years the hated Christian was tortured and slain for the amusement of spectators.

The seats of honor were of marble, cushioned and highly embellished. These were for the king and his courtiers.

The seats next in honor were for knights; then Roman citizens; then soldiers and women; finally freemen and slaves were accommodated. These last were required to spread and adjust the awning to protect the honored spectators from storm and sunshine. This playhouse was abandoned centuries ago, but well preserved ruins still remain.

Rome has in it not less than 365 Roman Catholic churches. For regular use five or six would accommodate the people. Many of the churches are so filled with paintings and statuary that they seem to be rather art galleries than places of worship. A few of them are so filled with gems and jewelry that when you enter you have the same impression you have when a costly box filled with sparkling jewels is opened to your eyes.

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Prominent among these churches is St. Peter's, which is the most noted Christian church in the world; though to my mind St. Paul's without the walls is fully its peer.

On entering St. Peter's, that which fills the visitor with surprise, is that there is no pulpit, and there are no pews and no organ. True, there are small organs moved around on castors. Marble is the least costly of any material used in this vast structure. The floor space has a capacity affording standing room for 80,000 people. It is claimed that this church stands over the grave, or rather contains in its crypt the mortal remains of St. Peter the apostle. A costly stairway leads down to the crypt where his body is said to lie. This stairway is lighted day and night with lamps of gold. In the church is a bronze statue of St. Peter, the great toe of which has been so frequently kissed and wiped with the handkerchiefs of the faithful that a good portion of the toe is worn away.

Aloft, on the top of a cluster of high pillars, are four relics believed in by the people of that branch of the church. They are as follows:

- (1). The lance that pierced the side of the Savior.
- (2). The head of St. Andrew.
- (3). The wood of the Cross.
- (4). The napkin that St. Varonica used in removing the sweat from the face of Jesus as he was carrying his Cross toward Calvary. This napkin has a good

profile of Christ. These relics are shown to the people in this church once each year, and the person who at that time sees the features of the Savior's face in the napkin is granted indulgence for 7,000 years.

At a jubilee held a few years ago the standing room was so occupied by a mass of people, and the donation of Peter's pence so liberal, that men were employed with rakes to rake up the money, to keep it from being trodden under the feet of the vast assemblage. Near the pinnacle of the cupola of this church is a bronze ball, large enough to receive eight persons, yet from the ground it seems not to be larger than a human skull. Some of our party entered it. On the roof are artizan's shops, and their residences, which makes it like a village. These are all needed to keep the colossal church in good repair.

Very near St. Peter's church is Castle Angelo, which originally was ordered to be built by Emperor Hadrian to be his tomb. By his orders, when he was dead, his body was to be deposited in a porphyry sarcophagus and placed in this mammoth tomb. In after years Pope Innocent ordered that the Emperor's body be removed, and that at his death his body take its place. At this time neither one is there entombed, for the porphyry sarcophagus is now in a chapel in St. Peter's church, used for baptismal purposes; and the building is a kind of watch tower and arsenal for the Roman Catholic Church.

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We made a visit to Hadrian's villa which is located some 18 miles east of Rome near Tivola. Hadrian was nothing, if not heroic and gigantic. From this villa he had made one of the best roads in the world leading to the capitol of his empire. In his early life he had traveled much, and he was not satisfied at this villa, until he had, for his own personal pleasure, a Serapeum such as he had seen for the sacred bulls of Egypt. He had a palace, a library, a bath, a theater, a barracks, a tartarus and elysium, and broad fields all for himself. At an early age he died and according to his orders his body was placed in the great tomb on the river Tiber.

In the St. John Latteran church is the so called "sacred stairway" consisting of twenty-eight marble steps. The Roman Church claims that these same steps were brought from Jerusalem, where they were once in use in Titus' Hall; and that down these steps Jesus passed on his way to Calvary. After this stairway was placed in this church, it was so much used by penitents that it was feared that the steps would be worn out, so they were covered with wooden planks. And constant use has made it necessary for these wooden covers to be renewed a good many times. Men and boys pray on these, and stop to kiss the steps as they go up.

In the city is a small enclosure, filled with sacred earth that, it is claimed, had been brought from Jerusalem. Here the Capuchin Monks buried the dead of

their cult. Soon all the space was taken, and the bones of those first buried there were removed to make room for those that have more recently died. This arrangement of displacing the dead has accommodated some 4,000 of these monks.

The church, Stephano Rotundo, is peculiar in this, that it is a circular structure; and around the wide freize in the rotundo in large frescos are eighty-six historic scenes of martyrdom. Beginning with that of Jesus Christ, there follow those of St. Stephen, St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul and eighty-one more. The only special good, as I conceive, that can come to worshipers with such scenes before their eyes is, that they might properly estimate what Christian liberty has cost.

In the southern part of the city we found the ancient Appian way. The debris of the ages has so filled all the low places about Rome that now they have to dig down some twenty feet to find, near the city, the roadbed of this famous ancient military road.

The New Testament informs us that the apostle Paul came to Rome from Puteoli over this historic road. We went down into the catacombs. In these subterranean caverns the ancients buried their dead, and under some of the persecutions Christians used these underground chambers as their places of worship.

On the walls they have left frescos depicting their mode of worship and also certain scenes taken from the Bible.

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To my mind a Columbarium discovered in 1840 is a most interesting structure; and its contents more interesting. The fill of the city had well nigh covered it up. The earth has now been removed from about it so that it now has really the appearance of a large pigeon house. It has in it a vast number of boxes holding a gallon or so apiece filled with the ashes of the dead. On the ends of these boxes are the names of the persons whose ashes are deposited within. These labels are in Latin. We found several from Caesar's household. Paul may have referred to them in Philippians iv, 22.

In the Arc Coeli church we were shown the most sacred Bambino, which is a doll, that it is claimed was carved by St. Luke out of olive wood; and, the legend has it, that it is a faithful representation of the infant Christ. It is neatly dressed, and is adorned with many costly jewels. The Roman church people have used it in the sick room to heal diseases. The annual revenue that has come to it for curing disease, is larger than that of any medical doctor in Rome. The monk who keeps it in a much adorned casket, handles this doll as if it were a thing divine.

Knowing of the natural filling up of the streets of a city, we were not surprised to find the Mamertine prison, in which Paul was kept for a long time, now a basement room. A pillar was shown us, said to be the one to which Paul's chains were fastened.

Making a journey south of the city some three miles, we enter one of the most costly churches in the world.

It has been under construction many years, and is not yet completed. It is located at the place at which tradition says Paul was beheaded. A church edifice is an appropriate monument to mark the spot where Paul laid down his life. But practically no Roman Catholic church is needed out there in the country, since there are no people there to come to worship. In the frieze of the vast auditorium, made in glass mosaic, are the pictures of the 278 Popes. There is also the ascension scene of the Virgin Mary, in beaten gold ornamented with precious stones.

We made a final stop as a family at Naples. Here we were interested in the delivering of milk. To get food for the goats the herdmen take them many miles out of the city, where there is grass on the sides of the mountains. In the afternoon these herdsmen bring these animals to the edge of the city in large flocks. Reaching the streets, the goats are distributed until at last the special goats that belong to a given house have arrived. Women of the families on the first floor milk out what they need. The goats are then taken to the second, third and fourth stories on the stairway, and are milked in the same way. By the time it is dark they have reached the ground floor, and the goats sleep through the night on the doorstep or window sill. The next morning they are taken through the house and milked as before, and the herdmen gather them up in a drove to go out to the mountains again.

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We saw something similar to this in the way they secure wood to make fire for cooking. A man mounts a donkey with a hatchet and a coil of wire. Having gone many miles, he reaches the foot of a crag far up on the mountain. The sure footed donkey can climb no higher. The man fastens one end of the wire to a crag of rocks, then he mounts up over the rocks and finally fastens the other end of the wire to a stump, or another rock. He then gathers some brush and twigs, binding them into sheaves and lowering them to the place where the donkey stands. After quite a little brush heap has been gathered, it is lashed on the back of the donkey and the little animal with his bulky load is led to town, where the man disposes of his fuel. Few of the houses in Naples have flues, and for this reason certain women who can cook for the neighbors, do so, receiving a few centimes, for their services. Many families do all their "house work" out of doors.

To us the trip we took to see the crater of Vesuvius was a memorable one. As we rode in our carriage through the streets of Naples we were besieged by beggars. Without our inviting it, a string band soon came along side of the carriage and gave us a serenade. At the end they took, of course, "a hat collection." At the first stop we made to rest the horses we found men with a display of the seventy-eight kinds of minerals found near Naples. These precious stones were displayed on the cooled off rolls of lava that in former years poured down from the crater. At the

next stop, men were present to sell us canes from the shrubs that grow on the side of the mountains. Having ascended as far as our carriage could take us, at the foot of the funicular we took our lunch. There we were besieged by men who wished to sell centimes which had been imbedded in the melted scoria.

Having reached the top of the rack-and-pinion railway, again we were besieged by men who had chairs lashed to their backs; for, we were told, our shoes might be scorched as we walked on the plateau as we neared the crater. We found hot vapors emitting from the rocks. Smoke, ashes and molten rocks were constantly pouring forth from the open mouth of the volcano. Guides kept telling us to keep at a good distance from the mouth of the crater, but it was the crater we came to see. For a time we were obedient; but, when we saw members of our party, twenty rods nearer the crater and not consumed, I ventured alone to go to them, leaving daughters Julia, Grace and Florence at a distance. Being now much nearer the brink of the awful pit, which was constantly throwing up molten rocks to the height of some fifty feet, I heard the splash of the molten mass in the crater, and also I heard the gurgle which is produced by the intensely heated liquid mass beneath coming in contact with the air. This experience I much wished my children to share. I went back to them and led them, one at a time, to the dangerous place. The ground over which we walked was beset with danger

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to our feet, and over head were greater dangers from the falling molten rocks. For this reason I directed each child to keep her eyes at our feet to save us from peril, while I kept my eyes to the regions over our heads to save us from being struck by masses of molten stone, which were falling every minute. We had the good fortune not to be hurt, and now have the memory of seeing and hearing Vesuvius as perfectly as inexperienced visitors ever see it. The scenery, as we came down that mountain, was the most sublime of any I ever saw. We had a gorgeous sunset with a sea and sky that combined to so stir my soul, that for once I thought I could write poetry.

But no one who visits Naples, and the region round about is done with Vesuvius until he has taken a ride through where Herculaneum and Pompeii stood; and then has spent several days looking at the articles the modern excavators have exhumed. These are now stored in the museum at Naples.

The dust and ashes that in the year of our Lord 79, fell on Pompeii, have been removed and the wagon tracks in the streets, are very distinct. The size and shape of the dwelling houses and places of business are clearly before our eyes. On nearly every street corner there were places for dispensing wine and other intoxicants. We saw the remains of some men and horses which had been exhumed.

In the museum in Naples we saw specimens belonging to the ancient Pompeians of the chairs, beds,

tables, knives and forks; of the bread loaves and the roast beef on the table ready to be served; of the instruments used by surgeons, the barber and the mechanic. Having seen all this I was so impressed with it that it seemed to me, that I had lived twice in this world, once 1800 years ago, and in the present.

Having taken a little trip down to Puzziola, on our return, we stopped to see an extinct crater. At times gas escapes from beneath the rocks and the man who has charge of the place, has a dog which, when visitors come, he lets breathe the gas until he becomes lifeless. After he has received the twenty-five cents apiece for the show, and the tourists are out of sight, the dog revives and is ready to die again the next day, provided his master gets pay for the sight.

To the man of science the most interesting place about Naples is the aquarium. No sea in the world will compare with the Mediteranean in affording such a variety of aquatic animals. The visitors will find in this aquarium that nearly all the wonderful display is from the local sea. As we pass along looking at the fish in these glass cases, we conclude that the creator has given us as many kinds of fish and other sea dwellers as he has of animals whose home is on the dry land.

In Naples the percentage of illiteracy is very great. Scattered in prominent places are tables, owned by scribes, whose business it is to do the writing for the many who cannot write. Young women employ these

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men to read their love letters, and to make the delicate and winning reply.

After we had visited Naples, it was thought best in our family that I, Mary and Julia should go on and visit Egypt and Palestine, while Mrs. King, Grace and Florence were to go back to Paris, where Grace was to study French and where Florence was to study music. But the subsequent protracted sickness of Grace, which occurred in Genoa, prevented the carrying out of this plan. We who were of the other party, not knowing of the serious nature of the sickness of Grace, made the journey to Damascus. However, on learning of her illness, we returned to Genoa as quickly as conveyance could carry us.

Journey in Egypt.

WE had a rather rough voyage from Brindisi to Alexandria. On the second morning the sea was calm, and the sun was shining. Awaking we found our ship was at anchor in the harbor of Alexandria. Looking out at the port hole, we saw a number of small boats in the hands of what we took to be women. They wore turbans on their heads. Soon we were on the deck and saw persons in the same kind of attire with trunks on their shoulders, and beards on their face. Then the illusion ceased; but as this was our first sight of Oriental dress we ought to be pardoned for mistaking men for women.

Looking toward the shore we found the Pharos still standing, which, when put up hundreds of years ago as a light house, was reckoned as one of the seven wonders of the world. On taking a carriage ride we found that we had left February weather in Italy, for here all nature was in mid-summer dress.

Boarding a train, in a very few hours, we were in Cairo. On the streets we found people of all lands and of all languages. Camels were being led into town with cargoes of fresh cut red clover on their backs. At nearly every corner was a swarm of donkey boys clammering to give us a ride for a few piasters. We hastened to the pyramids, which we first saw from the

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hotel window. The distance seemed not more than a mile or so; but, when we reached Cheops in a carriage we found we had gone eight miles. The turnpike road, leading out there was faithfully sprinkled by men carrying water from the nearby gulches in goat skin bottles. The base of this pyramid covers 13 acres. It is 600 feet high, and it may be 5,000 years old. It was built by King Cheops for a tomb for himself and his queen. As it stands now it is constructed of large blocks of stone, many of which are 12 feet long, seven feet wide, and five feet high. Once the whole structure was covered with neatly jointed cut stone. These were removed by Mohamedans to be used in building mosques in Cairo. We took it as a matter of course, that we should climb to the top. For the purpose of aiding us in the ascent, not less than a half dozen Bedouins clamored to attach themselves to each one, but we finally succeeded in getting the number down to three apiece, one to lift the right hand, one to lift the left hand, and one to boost at our feet. Reaching the apex, we found it truncated, thus making on top, a platform, some twenty feet square. From this point we found the view rewarding. While the ascent seemed to be beset with danger we found ourselves filled with much more fear, as we were descending, for our peril was before our eyes, at every step, I ought rather to say at every leap, for the space between foot-holds is great. On reaching the ground we had a sense of relief.

On the north side of this pyramid is an entrance to the burial chambers within. It is lined with cut stone. These rocks are so neatly jointed that one cannot well find a place where he could thrust a knife blade between the rocks.

A few rods south of this pyramid is the Sphinx. His head is the best preserved part of the image. It is 30 feet from the top of his head to his chin. His head is made of six layers of stone. In his face we see benignity and intelligence. A few miles south of the Sphinx is the tomb of the bulls. These animals, with the ancients, were considered very sacred. When they died, the remains were put in great granite sarcophagi. The walls of these gigantic boxes are eighteen inches thick. Twenty-four of them are in this artificed cavern. These sarcophagi will weigh very many tons, and how they could have been placed as they are is a problem that modern men have not solved. All of them are empty now.

We found that the land of Egypt abounds in empty tombs and temples, and that the treasures from these which have not been scattered by antiquarians all over the globe, are now safely housed in the museum in the city of Cairo.

This work is now so complete that, if a visitor has time for but one thing, either to go through the land and view tombs and temples or to spend five days in looking through the museum, the latter is the wise course. The land was once rich in obolisks. Now

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only three remain; one at Alexandria, one at Heliopolis and one where ancient Thebes once stood. The others may be found in New York, Paris, London, Rome and Constantinople.

Our guide took us to see an ostrich farm, the corn-cribs which, it is said, Joseph used, and what he called the "petrified forest," which, to our eyes, was a wide desert where there was a multitude of stones that once were wood.

So far as we know, Christianity was planted in Egypt by St. Mark, the evangelist, who died at Alexandria. Part of the result of his evangelical work is now seen in the Coptic Church. There are quite a number of these churches along the Nile. These people think the proper position in worship is the standing posture. The services often continue several hours. The priest and the people grow weary standing, and, for their comfort, there are props made of wood that have crutch-like heads fitting the tired worshipers at the arm-pits. There is a great chair like a throne in the church for the Patriarch to occupy. During the services the priest lays his hands on the head of each worshiper. These in turn reverently kiss his hand. Alms giving is a part of the services. In order to receive alms mendicants arrange themselves in ranks along the two sides of the pavement, beginning at the door of the church, to receive alms as the people retire from the church.

Mohammedanism is the prevailing religion of the land of Egypt. In Cairo there are 400 mosques. When one of these buildings becomes old and goes into disuse, it is considered sacriligious by this people to use it for any other purpose or to dismantle it. Because of this custom the beauty of the city is much marred by these decayed and decaying structures. All the votaries of this religion, in due form pray three times per day, viz.; at 6 a. m., noon, and at 6 p. m. The worshiper bows down on his prayer mat, falling prone on his face, with clasped hands. This he does with his face toward Mecca, whether he is alone or in company anywhere.

The chief Moslem University of the world is located in Cairo. This is a vast building, the roof of which is held up by a large number of pillars. The floor is Mother Earth. There are about 10,000 students in attendance, and these are instructed by 225 masters. These teachers have a place by the side of a pillar where they sit on the ground and teach. The class, consisting of some twenty young men seated in the same way, form a circle about him. There are no chairs or desks. In the building are some one hundred boys who wait on the masters and students with drinking water, serving it from pitchers.

While the university receives much money as donations, it is not used on the salaries of the professors who live principally on bread donated to them, but

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the money is used to pay the traveling and other expenses of the indigent students.

At the end of each recitation each boy kisses the hand of his master. No student can get a diploma unless he is able to repeat the Koran.

At the time of our first visit to Egypt the Dervish (a sanctimonious class of priests), gave entertainments in whirling, at the same time reciting parts of the Koran. From these entertainments they received quite a substantial revenue.

It is a custom with Mohammedans, when one dies, that hired women wail for them 205 days. These wailers receive 40 cents per day for this service. It is also a custom to have women wail in the cemeteries every Thursday in the forenoon.

Turkish men seem to have much leisure. It is not an unusual sight to see a half dozen of them seated about a hubble-bubble; and they take turns in drawing smoke out of it. If there is a time by day or night that the Turk removes his fez, I do not know when it is. Women, who follow the customs of the country, keep indoors; and if they must go on the street or to any public place, they go closely veiled. Females take the veil in their tenth year, and, continue its use the remainder of their days.

It seldom rains in this part of Africa, and in order to get a crop all the fields under cultivation, must be irrigated. This makes much labor, for all the water

must be lifted out of the Nile. Little or no machinery is used for pumping.

In making the trip from Cairo to Assuan we used a mail boat. We could see the whole country in this way, for these boats tie up at night. And at every point where there was a temple to be seen the boat stopped long enough for us to make the detour and return. At every such landing there were always donkeys enough to carry us to and fro. At one place we found a kind of "State Fair," or market; and there we learned that a camel is worth about 50 dollars, and that a good donkey could be bought for 20 dollars.

In the streets of Assuan we found that most merchants had their goods down on the ground. Even the bankers had their money in tin pans placed on the ground. Grain merchants had their grain in heaps in the dust; and, in order to keep the birds away, they had wires with bits of tin attached stretched over the heaps; and a little girl jerking the wire with a bit of twine, kept the birds away from the piles of grain.

The isle of Philae had the most beautiful and the best preserved temple and works of art in the whole land; but the new dam has so impounded the water about it that its beauty is destroyed, and soon all must be in ruins.

Luxor, which is located on the site of ancient Thebes, is a place of interest; but the temple of Karnack, which is only two or three miles away, so transcends in ancient temples all that is left at Luxor, that we

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forget the one in our admiration of the other. At this place is a temple that was 2,000 feet long and the other dimensions are large in proportion. From Luxor we took a ride some ten miles westward to the tombs of the kings, from which train loads of mummies have been taken to the museum at Cairo. Not far from these tombs we found in the plain the Vocal Memnon, which are two colossal stone monuments surmounted by stone figures. These stand so near each other, that it is thought they may have been pillars of an ancient gateway.

The ancients thought that these pillars gave forth musical sounds on the rising of the sun.

On our return down the Nile we used the train. We stopped at Assuit where there is located a great United Presbyterian University, which is rapidly moulding the mind and the character of the people of the whole land. The United Presbyterian denomination, not only has a well organized and a well attended church in Cairo, but it has churches and mission churches at many strategic points all along the Nile.

We took train from Cairo for Port Said. There we got a ship, in which we sailed one evening, and the next morning found ourselves anchored amid the rocks, which are the terror of mariners, in the Joppa roadstead. We climbed down a rope ladder, and sprang into a boat which was tossing on the rough sea. In a few minutes we were in the streets of Joppa.

Palestine.

IT had been the dream of my life, that some golden period might come when I could visit Palestine. Now that happy day was realized. It made a profound impression on me to be in the Lord's land, the land given to Abraham.

In Joppa we, like Peter, ascended to a house top. We saw how it is a good quiet place for worship, and there is room enough for a large deputation of friends.

In the afternoon we took carriages for Jerusalem, which is some 40 miles eastward. The turnpike on which we ride leads us through the beautiful plain of Sharon, the historic valley of Aijalon, and over the Judean hills, in view of the moss-covered houses of Kirjathjearim, to the outer wall of Jerusalem. Here we slept in a basement room of a little hotel, because there was no room for us up higher. Early the next morning we explored the tower of David and the Joppa gate. The wall of the city at this gate is very thick. The passage has in it a right angle turn, so that an enemy without cannot look through it to see the things within, neither can he shoot a dart so as to harm a citizen inside the city.

We reached Jerusalem the week before Easter; and for this reason, the hotels were full, and our dragoman, Demetrius Domian, secured for us comfortable quarters in an Austrian Hospice, located quite centrally in the city.

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In locating sacred places, I preferred to take my Bible as a guide book instead of the directions of my dragoon. To find Calvary I went out of the Damascus gate, and, turning a little to the right, I found a hill, the shape of a skull, and near by, in a little valley, I found a few empty tombs. This location accords with the New Testament description, and, as I afterwards learned, nearly all of the Protestant church visitors concur in the opinion that this is probably the spot so dear to the Christian world.

About three o'clock on Good Friday afternoon, I happened to be near that spot, when the Rector of the local Anglican church came, in company with some twelve young girls of his church, who reverently sang the hymn beginning—"Alas and did my Saviour bleed." After the singing of the hymn they all kneeled on the ground, and the Rector offered extemporaneously a most fervent and appropriate prayer.

That night, in a Presbyterian church outside the wall, there was a joint communion service, in which we participated much to our pleasure and profit.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, located quite centrally in the city, is the place that the eleven ancient eastern churches agree upon as the place both of the Saviour's crucifixion and his resurrection.

But the New Testament does not direct us to a place within the walls. The only reason for holding to this site is an ancient tradition based on mythical grounds.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre belongs to the Latin, Greek, Coptic, Armenian, Abyssinian, and six other ancient churches. In the mosaic on the floor of one of the rooms is this inscription—"This is the center of the world."

In one of the rooms is an empty sarcophagus with a marble lid. Especially on Easter morning multitudes crowd to this coffin to pay reverent respect to him who "rose for their justification." These people, without exception, kiss the marble lid as they depart.

On one occasion there came a small boy, who wished to show his love for Jesus, but he was not tall enough to imprint his kiss on the marble lid, so he kissed his hand and placed it on the sacred marble. The devotion of no one was more genuine or more acceptable in the sight of God than that of this little child.

There can be no disagreement as to the location of the valley of Hinnom, of the brook Kedron, of the garden of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives. Also I think there is general agreement among Jews, Christians and Mohammedans that the temple of Solomon stood in the southeastern section of the city. The golden gate, now not in use, is in the wall at that point.

The old wall, that separates the city from the temple grounds, is the place where the Jews from all over the world come to wail.

The tomb of David occupies a site on a hill, just outside of Zion's gate, which is near the southwest corner of the city. Beginning with Zion's gate, and

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keeping to the right, following the wall, the gates of the present wall are as follows: Joppa, Damascus, St. Stephen's, the Golden and finally the Dung gate.

The streets of the city are very narrow, and few of them are straight for more than two or three blocks. Traffic must close with the setting of the sun, for there are no street lights.

We found in the Armenian church a curious but useful substitute for a church bell, it being a bar of iron six feet long, eight inches wide and hung by two hinges. When this bar is struck with a hammer it gives forth a sweet mellow inviting sound, that can be heard quite a distance.

We were interested in viewing the place in Bethany where Mary, Martha and Lazarus lived. Some flowers are still blooming, and a few pieces of well chiseled stones are lying there. These stones may have been once a part of the home that was so dear to our Lord. The other homes in Bethany, in contrast, tell of idleness, filth and squalor.

Of course we went down to the ford of the Jordan, and to the Dead Sea. The distance from Jerusalem to these points is about twenty-one miles, and they occupy one of the lowest depressions on the earth's surface. Even in April the heat here is oppressive. We took a bath in the Dead Sea, and found that the specific gravity of the water is such that our bodies floated on the surface like pieces of cork. On the day

we were at the ford of the Jordan, where Joshua crossed, and where probably Jesus was baptized, we found the water quite muddy. At that time the ford was about eight rods wide.

Late one afternoon we stood on the roof of the Russian hospice at Gilgal, and with our field glasses we took in the sweep of the following historic places: Beginning with the ford of the Jordan, passing to the left westward, we saw the woods of Ephraim, where Absalom lost his life, the site of the Jericho of Zacheus' time, then the Dead Sea, like a mirror on the lap of earth, then Mt. Pisgah, where Moses took his view of the land of Canaan, and finally Mount Nebo, where Moses died, and in whose caverns sleep the dust of the great leader, where God buried him.

Having returned to Jerusalem we took carriage for Hebron. Of course we stopped at Bethlehem, to pay our respects to the birth place of Jesus. The most of the houses are built of white limestone. These are kept clean, and the people are neatly clad. We saw no town in Palestine that seemed to us so homelike and attractive. We hasten on to Hebron, and note as we go the great size of some of the grape vines that cover some of the arbors. This is the Valley of Eschol. We travel on a turnpike, but when we reached Hebron the streets are much too narrow to receive the turnpike and for this reason it must pass by the town to the west.

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In the tomb of Machpelah at Hebron lie the remains of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and their wives. There are more people on the globe who are interested in this burial place than in any to be found elsewhere. This is not simply because it is the oldest that we have any record of, but because the Mohammedans and Jews and Christians all call Abraham father. It seems unpardonably selfish for the Mohammedans, since they are in power in Palestine, to prevent those of other religious beliefs from enjoying with them equal rights at the Machpelah tomb.

In starting from Jerusalem for our trip northeast to Damascus, we are all mounted on horses, except two ladies of our company, who have chosen to ride in palanquins. There is a good reason for none of us being in wheeled vehicles; for there are not ten miles, of the eighty miles before us, that has a wagon road. In this trip we did not find much of real interest to us until we came to Nablus, which is the Sychar of Christ time and the Shechem of Joshua's day. Here is Jacob's well, which was made to impound the water from the nearby streams, when it flowed; for in truth this well never afforded "living water," but was useful as a reservoir to hold water in the dry season.

Joseph's tomb is near by. We all know that he died and his body was embalmed in Egypt; and when Israel came out of Egypt, they took up his coffin and carried it for the forty-year journey through the wilderness. I think no corpse was ever so long in

transit from the place of death to the place of final interment.

At Shechem is a narrow valley between the mount of Blessing to the left, and the mount of Cursing on the right. Here between these mountains is a kind of whispering gallery; so perfect is it, that Joshua could have half of all the people of Israel deployed on one mountain, and the other half of them on the other mount, and in this position aid them in rehearsing the blessings and the cursings of God's law, and the wonder was that all could hear. We tested the accoustics of the place, and we feel sure, that such a successful rehearsal was possible.

On Mt. Gerezim (the mount of blessing), the Samaritan church of this day, keeps annually the feast of the passover, in the form that Moses directed. And so far as we know, they are the only people who do keep this feast, strictly according to the letter.

Another place of deep interest to us all in this journey is Nazareth. Here we camp at night on the village threshing floor. We drink at the great spring, which is the only one thereabouts. We feel confident we stand near the footsteps of the Savior, for he surely came here for water. The town is better built than most villages in Palestine. We went into a carpenter shop, and bought from the aged proprietor an old try square.

We spent the Sabbath on the shores of the sea of Gallilee. Once around this lake were several populous

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cities; now only Tiberius is left. Its ancient wall is still standing. Evidently the number of dwellings is not increasing, but rather the contrary. Outside of this town it is a rare sight to see a residence anywhere about the lake. At the same time to all who have read the New Testament aright there is a wealth of memories that cluster around this little sea.

Our route takes us up the Jordan to Banias and thence over the slopes of Hermon to Damascus. In passing down the mountain as we approach the Abana valley one of the ladies who rode in a palanquin had a ludicrous experience with a slime pit. Without warning the front mule sank into one, and instinctively the woman sprang out and at once she was waist deep in the mire. It was some hours after this that we reached the Abana river, which was the first opportunity to wash up.

Having reached Damascus, we were glad again to sleep in a bed; for we had been tenting and sleeping on cots for the ten preceding nights. But, while the bed was soft and restful, we slept but little; for about nine o'clock the homeless dogs of that city began their nightly serenade. At first there were only five or six barking, but in a few minutes there seemed to be hundreds.

The next day we went through Straight street, and report it to be straight; also it is for the most part vaulted. There is no museum in the city; it needs

none, for it is all a museum, work-shops, stores, dwellings and people.

As the Abana river approaches the city it is artificially parted into two streams; the one flows on the right hand of the valley close to the hill side, the other runs along the left hill side. Between the branches is a park, or plain, called the plain of Damascus. It is a region of wondrous beauty. After passing the city the two branches return to the original channel and soon the whole is lost in the sands of the desert.

When we were looking about in the south part of the city we were shown the "gate of God", which means an ordinary public road that leads on to Mecca. Here pilgrims bid farewell to their families and friends as they start to their most sacred city.

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Damascus to Genoa.

TAKING a diligence, which is a three seated spring wagon, drawn by three horses abreast, we started early one morning from Damascus and were able to reach Beirout before sundown. As soon as we could get a steamer for Smyrna we launched forth for that city. We had gone but a few leagues over a pretty rough sea, when suddenly there was a cry "a man overboard." He was one of the crew. The lifeboat was instantly lowered, and it shot back in pursuit. The imperiled man was a good swimmer. The height of the waves and the whitecaps on them obscured our vision but keener and more experienced eyes soon saw the rescue, and joyfully announced it. We soon passed Rhodes where the colossal statue once stood; one of the seven wonders of the world.

We spent little time in Smyrna, and hastened by rail to Ephesus. There we viewed the ruins of the temple of Diana which, in the days of its glory, was another of the seven wonders of the world. We looked at the ruins of the theater where Paul fought with beasts, and, having paid our respects to the tomb of St. Luke, we returned to Smyrna and took ship for Athens. Here we spent several days visiting places of interest both in the ancient and in the modern

city. We took a train for Corinth, where we spent a few happy hours, and then took the train for Patras; thence by ship we reached Brindisi. There we took a train for Genoa.

On the second day, as we passed Pisa, we saw the famous leaning tower—another of the wonders of the world—though it is only nine stories high. Here, as in Rome, there is a Campo Santo made of five ship loads of earth taken from Jerusalem and deposited at this place. Certain devotees of the Roman Catholic church direct that, when they die, their remains shall sleep in this sacred earth, so as to be sure of having a part in the first resurrection.

It was a glad hour when, on reaching Smith Hotel Genoa, we learned that daughter Grace was slowly but surely recovering from a month's siege with typhoid fever. Happily our family were together again not to be separated until we reached our home in Columbus, Ohio.

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From Genoa to London.

WHILE Genoa boasts of being the birth place of Christopher Columbus, its most noted characteristic is its wonderful cemetery. There are few art galleries in the world that contain more beautiful or costly statuary.

Having tarried at the Smith hotel in this city until daughter Grace was able to travel, we first went up to Milan; and the next day we went to Lugano. As we proceeded to Lucerne we passed through the St Gotthard tunnel, which is nine miles long. In traversing the valleys and canons of that region of the Alps we descended on a railroad whose strange windings were after the manner of a spiral stairway. At Lucerne we passed through the old bridge that has in it 154 ancient frescoes.

These pictures are of old historic events and are very dear to the hearts of the Swiss.

From Lucerne we took a train for Interlaken and the Grindelwald. Both the engine and the track were adjusted for mountain climbing having adjustments known as the rack and pinion.

At Breienz we exchanged the rail car for a boat and of course we ascended the Geisback river to see its seven wonderful cascades. Passing on to Interlaken

again in the train. On the trip into the wonderful valley we saw mountain piled on mountain with their towers and pinacles piercing the sky. We saw the glory of the whiteness on the crown of the Jungfrau.

At the Grindelwald hotel we found a room in the middle of the building with ample shelving which we were told was a shoe-warmer, used by the mountain climbers who come there. Often they have waded through snows up to their knees during the day, at night they find the need of a shoe warming and drying arrangement.

At Grindelwald we visited a glacier which is a vast mass of snow and ice slowly moving down toward the valley through a gorge in the mountain. In the summer there is some melting and all around the base of the mountain is a deposit of soil and small stones which to the man who does not know may easily be taken for loose earth that the moving glacier has plowed up. At this glacier there was a vast block of ice as large as a small dwelling house. Some person had cut a passage into the center of it. We walked inside, and found, when the sun was shining, that all about us was sea green.

On our way from Lucerne to Paris we made an interesting stop at Basle. On our arrival in Paris we soon found that our former visit to that city was not such as to exhaust its resources as a center of intense interest.

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At St. Cloud we saw an illuminated fountain. Of course we ascended the Eiffel Tower, and we visited the tomb of Napoleon. We were much pleased to have a ride on the line of boats that constantly ply on the river Seine. The shores and bed of the river in the city are lined with cut stone. At every street crossing there is a stone bridge, ornamented beneath with bas-relief statuary. One may enter a boat at any bridge and ride a long distance for a few centimes.

England and Home.

WE were loth to leave this interesting city, but London drew us and we yielded to her persuasive influence.

We crossed the English Channel at Folkstone and soon we were in the largest city in the world. It is now generally conceded that the great fire of 1666 was a real advantage to the city. Its flames not only consumed the man who set the city on fire, but also the germs that produced the plague which had taken the life of so many people.

The British Museum has in it a world of wonders. None of them is surely of greater interest than the Rosetta Stone. This is covered with ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, and those on the stone are translated into two different languages. The finding of this stone afforded the key to the correct translations of one of the oldest and most important languages of the East, which, up to the time of the finding of this stone, was not intelligible to modern men of letters.

It was our pleasure to see Queen Victoria one day on the street, as she rode in her carriage between Hyde and St. James parks.

In Hampton Court, in a great building roofed with glass, we saw a grape vine which now measures

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just above the ground 46 inches in circumference. It is 140 years old and had on it, when we saw it, 1,400 clusters of grapes for the royal family.

We spent a most delightful day in the Kew gardens where we found in the open every tree, shrub and plant that can grow in England, and in the palm house nearly as many more exotics. In these gardens we saw specimens of the various kinds of wood from the trees, also the fruits and seeds of most of the trees and plants that are found in the enclosure. We had a like entertainment at the Zoological garden, where there is, among many other things, a most interesting aquarium.

It is said of London that it is the only city in the world where you can buy anything you may name. It seemed to me one could see anything there that was portable, and if they did not possess the original, they at least had a model. Also, I concluded, if I were a young man and desired to pursue any course of study, I would go straight to London. We spent some three weeks there, and would have gladly lingered as long again, but sailing time to America compelled us to leave. Our first stop was at Oxford. There we viewed the University buildings where John Wesley received his education. Thence we passed on to Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Kennilworth, Coventry, Glasgow and Edinburg. On our way to Liverpool we stopped at Abbotsford.

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July 16th, we sailed on the S. S. City of Chicago for New York, and in about twenty-four hours after arrival in New York, we were at home in Columbus, Ohio. For all of us the trip cost \$9,000.00.

So far as I know, none of us ever regretted the time or money spent in these journeys. It enriched our minds and was to us a valuable education.

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Business Enterprises.

IN the month of October, 1892, I visited, in company with my wife, the World's Fair, at Chicago. Previously we had seen the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. In 1901 we attended the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, and about four years after that, in company with my brother William, I attended another World's Fair in St. Louis.

It was in the spring of 1903 that I accompanied my daughter, Mary Dods, and her son, Lorimer Fenton, who had been visiting us, from Columbus to Vancouver, Columbia, from which city they were to sail for Australia. On that trip I found much interest in the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis and in the wonderful scenery along the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad. We found Vancouver a very interesting and growing city. On the return journey I visited the cities of Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Sacramento, Salt Lake City, Denver, Colorado Springs and Omaha.

From the estate of my wife's father we fell heir to some swamp land located in Wayne County, Illinois. In looking after it and in disposing of it, I made several trips to Fairfield, Ill.

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In 1892 I was led to be a partner in the building of the Roanoke, a business block located on the southwest corner of Long St. and Cleveland Ave. This I did in partnership with Mr. William S. Ide. Also I built and sold some seven small frame houses on the west side of Columbus.

For our family and one special ministerial friend I have acted as administrator and executor of some three estates, all of which are now satisfactorily settled. It was not to my taste to have much to do with commercial business and I am sure this work was not conducive to the progress of my studies as a minister of the gospel. But it seemed to me that I owed this much service of this kind to my family and my friends.

Beginning with 1892, my Presiding Elder for four years in succession appointed me, in addition to my work as Agent of the Ohio Wesleyan University, to care for Marble Cliff church. Soon after entering upon that pastorate there was added to the first named society, Fifth Avenue, Fletcher and finally, Dublin. After that, for two years, under the same authority, I served as pastor of Glenwood Church, in Columbus. In the fall of 1899 I ceased to be a pastor, and thereby my official relation to churches came to a close. This vital bond held me to the Church and church people for thirty-eight years. My love for church work has not abated in all the

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years. Wherever and whenever I can "lend a hand" or "help a little," I still do it.

My Church and my Conference have honored me in all the years of the past and now, since old age has come over me, honor crowns my life.

When the fiftieth anniversary of the separation of the Cincinnati Conference from the Ohio Conference came, in company with the Rev. Dr. Isaac Cook, I was selected by my Conference to make an address before the Cincinnati Conference assembled in the Walnut Hills Methodist Church.

In 1908, when I had reached the fiftieth anniversary of my union with the Ohio Conference, that body invited me to address them at their session in Lancaster, Ohio.

And at the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the Ohio Conference, which occurred in 1912, I had a place on the program, presenting the subject "The History of the Western Conference." This was the organization that preceded the Ohio Conference. Also, by request, I acted as historian at the one-hundredth anniversary of the organization of Asbury Church, which is the church of my parents and of my grand-parents.

In 1863, through the courtesy of Colonel Madaira, of Chillicothe, Ohio, I was made a life member of the American Bible Society.

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I was made a Master Mason in Chillicothe in 1864, and through the courtesy of Mr. James Ely, of Washington C. H., Ohio, I was made a Knight Templar.

The Miami University saw fit to give me in 1892, the honorary degree of D. D.

For many years I have been honored with membership in the Ohio State Archeological and Historical Society.

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Trip to Australia.

IN April, 1905, my wife and I, in company with Mrs. Ermine Case, of Kansas City, Mo., started to make a visit to Mrs. Robin S. Dods and family, in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. In the beginning of our journey we spent two days in looking on the wonders of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. And, having visited Los Angeles and Palo Alto, we hastened on to San Francisco, where we sailed on the steamship *Venturia* for Auckland, New Zealand. We made our first stop at Honolulu. In the bay we were much amused watching the Kanakas dive for coins thrown by passengers into the water. At this place the water is 35 feet deep. In no case did the natives fail to get the piece of money thrown into the water. In our carriage ride about the city we saw the tomb of Captain Cook, which brought to our minds the thrilling stories we had read of this man in our childhood. As a discoverer he was our hero. All nature seemed to welcome us to these sunny islands. We were delighted with the flowers that bloomed in profusion wherever we went.

The streets are wide and smooth and clean. The houses are not palatial, but are neat and filled with happy people. One hundred years ago these islands

were inhabited by savage cannibals. In 1820 missionaries came to the islands and soon the leaven of the gospel of Christ began to work in transforming the people. The result is most encouraging. The people are civil and are about ready for successful self government. The Central Union Church stands near the center of the city, a light-house indeed, for it is liberally giving the gospel to the other islands of the sea. In our ship, as we sailed away, was Mrs. Del-la-Porte and children on their way to her husband and home on Pleasant Island, one of the Gilbert group. This family had been sent out by the Central Church a number of years before. When they landed on Pleasant Island they found it filled with raw heathens. Mr. and Mrs. Del-la-Porte learned the language by contact with the people. Mail from the outside world only reaches this island twice per annum. Now these two missionaries have given to these people a written language, in which the New Testament is translated and seven other books are printed. These eight books make up the library of that people.

Further on in our journey we came to Tutuila, one of the Samoan islands. Nothing in all our journey impressed us more than the sight of these savages living under the Stars and Stripes. They live in the forests and have thatched tents exactly after the manner in which the heathen lived, according to pictures in the books I had read when I was a little

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boy. The natives seem to have no need of cleared fields, nor of the fruits usually gathered from agriculture. They live mostly on fish. For a few hours we tarried at the Pago Pago post, where we entered some of the tents of the natives. We found them seated on the ground and their beds were on the ground, using a pole slightly elevated as a pillow for the entire family. The people sit in groups and the color of their skin makes one think he is in the presence of a collection of bronze statuary. I know that it is not to the interest of this people to remain as they now are through future generations, yet looking on the beauty of these unbroken forests and the contentment of these natives, we could not well suppress the wish that they might always remain as they are.

Having spent more than two weeks on its waters, and most of the time out of sight of land, I concluded that when Balboa discovered the Pacific ocean, he discovered the largest thing on the planet.

Just as I became 71 years of age, our ship passed "under" the Equator; and soon after this we passed "under" the 180th meridian of longitude. The forenoon of that day was Saturday, the afternoon was Sunday and the next day it was Monday.

We found New Zealand an island moistened almost daily by rain. On an average they have 151 rainy days every year. The English speaking people are open-hearted and friendly. The churches are well

attended and the people live on a high plane of Christian culture. We followed our usual custom of locking our trunks and doors when we went out, but we were laughed at by the people, who told us this was wholly unnecessary in Auckland. Had we fully followed the custom of the country, we would have been overfed, for tea was brought us in our sleeping rooms while we were still in bed. At 8:30 breakfast; at 10:30, forenoon tea; at one o'clock, luncheon; at 3, tea; at 6, dinner, and at 9:30 p. m., after returning from an entertainment, there was spread in the sitting room a bountiful cold collation.

The Mauries are the natives of this island. In color they are darker than the European. With some restrictions they are reckoned as citizens. Their custom is to tattoo the chin of a married woman, so that all may know that she has this domestic relation. When Mauries meet they touch noses and clasp hands.

We rode to the top of Mount Eden, which is an extinct volcano. It is in shape much like a coffee cup. The depression at the top is a marked feature. At the brim it is nearly one mile in diameter. On this elevation we could see sixty-three other extinct volcanoes.

We hastened on to Rotaroa, the celebrated seismic region of that part of the world. Years ago there were here many active geysers, but none now are active only as they are soaped. This region for

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some six miles square has myriads of pots from which vapor arises, and in many of them the people cook. The food is put either in a basket or in a tin bucket and the top covered with a cloth. Few people use any fuel in their homes for culinary purposes. Near Rotaroa there are streams of cold water so near to streams of hot water that a boy may sit on a rock between the streams and catch a fish from the cold water stream, and with his pole and line land it in the hot water stream and in a few minutes have his fish cooked. The whole region round about is wierd and wonderful; for since the eruption in 1863, the whole country has a changed appearance. Some parts of it look as we suppose the inside of a volcano would look, were we able to split one open and see the result of years or centuries of heat.

There is a world of pleasure in observing the trees and vegetables, plants and animals, birds and fish of this island. Of these I have not space to write in detail.

Our voyage over the Tasman Sea from New Zealand to Sydney, Australia, was frightfully boisterous and dangerous. After we laid aside our sea legs, and got our heads cleared up, we found ourselves in a large commercial city. The most of the people are English or Scotch. After quite a search we were shown an aboriginal black man. He is quite a good deal blacker than the natives we saw in the other islands. This is due mostly to climate. If one will stop to compare

these peoples, he will conclude that they all came from the same country. The Phoenicians were a sea going people; and I think, in an early day left some of their people in America, Hawaii, New Zealand and in Australia. It has been said of the aborigines of this island continent, that they are the lowest of all the human race. So low are they, it is alleged, that it is impossible to civilize them or to Christianize them. This view gets color from the fact that for a long time the lower class of Europeans, who were in an early day banished to this island, were far from being good teachers, either by example or precept. In later years some of the best people of Europe have come and they find the aborigines can be both civilized and Christianized. At this time there are some 60,000 of them in Australia. It was unfortunate for this land that, when it was first discovered, it was made a penal settlement. The prisoners who were banished here called it the "Land of Never Never."

Toward the end of this system the island of Tasmania was exclusively used. Men who have carefully looked into the character and habits of the people of that small island tell us that some of the bad traits of the criminals can still be traced in the inhabitants.

We found in Sydney most interesting zoological and botanic gardens. Few cities of the earth have so much space reserved for parks and play grounds. The "public domain" now aggregates 460 acres. On the Sabbath, in the afternoon, we followed the

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crowd and found in one of the parks ten groups of people of perhaps one hundred in each company, who stood around a chosen speaker. In most cases the theme of the discourse was religion, but in a few cases the speakers were addressing the people on current topics, such as labor and capital.

The people have many holidays. Saturday is a half holiday and just at the minute when the first half of the day has been given to business, all quit work and most of the men go out to play. Horse racing is the national amusement. It draws vast crowds of people and nearly all who attend, both men and women, stake some money on a favorite horse and thus have a personal interest in the outcome of the contest. Many of the race tracks are brilliantly lighted up at night with electricity.

More of the men use pipes in smoking tobacco than in the United States. It is quite a common custom for men to have on their tables decanters full of liquor which generally is used in a temperate way. There are no saloons in small buildings, because the law only permits a bar in a hotel that has at least forty rooms for guests. All liquor sold by the drink is served to customers by a bar-maid, and, stranger to tell, this employment is so popular with women who seek employment, that they strive for the place. Each house of Parliament has a bar in the building.

In Sydney is a city hall that seats 4,000 people, and has in it one of the largest pipe organs found anywhere. It cost \$81,000.

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Along the coasts there is annually a good rainfall, but in the interior there is not usually enough to insure a crop. Sheep and cattle are kept in the interior by herdmen for part of the year at least. Most of the land is public domain and I learned that some ranchmen were able to rent such pasture, paying only twenty-five cents per square mile per annum for the use of it as pasture. Off in these plains and hills sometimes cattle stray away and are not seen by the owner for more than a year.

I saw in a Museum in Brisbane the skeleton heads of two oxen that had so locked horns in battle, that in that condition they had died and their skeletons were found some years later. From all parts of this land go ships loaded with meat and good butter. The chief market is England, but much is sold in the Phillipine Islands, in China and Japan. The wool of Australia is equal in grade to the best grown anywhere. The merchants are careful to make the grade just what its tag calls for. This conscientious work is found to be a good investment, financially considered.

The soil and climate of Queensland is suited to the growth of sugar cane and the coffee plant, yet little is done in these industries, because the white man declines to work in the hot sun and men of other colors, who would gladly come and develop these industries, are by law forbidden to enter the country.

Salt water fish abound, but some kinds are not very desirable. The bathing beaches are so infested

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with sharks that the bathing place needs to be guarded by piling driven in the earth so near together that danger is averted. Many years ago some party brought to this island a pair of English rabbits. These animals were so prolific that in a few years they were devastating the country. To prevent their spread fences were made to keep them in bounds. In one case there is a fence 1,200 miles long built to circumscribe them.

At an agricultural fair in Brisbane, I saw a ditching machine used to open the earth after the manner of a plow. Attached to this same machine was a box, containing a poison which the machine dropped in the furrow and covered. Rabbits scratch for the bait and eat it and die.

In this country the number and quality of ornamental trees is very great, and the people have brought from other lands many more varieties, so that now Australia excels other lands in beautiful flowering trees. The Mongrouse tree grown in the water of the sea near the shore and oysters grow on the trees. Many of the people are engaged in pearl fishing, and in this business a few become wealthy. It is, however, a precarious livelihood, because it endangers life, and because a shell must be four years old before it yields a pearl and of ripe shells, only one in a thousand has a pearl in it. The shell itself is somewhat valuable. It is called mother of pearl and as a by-product helps to float the business.

In this land coral is so common that it is burned into lime. All know that there is a coral reef in the sea east of the island that serves for hundreds of miles as a break-water.

The custom of the people of Brisbane with regard to funerals differs from our custom. Women seldom go to the cemetery. Men go in liberal numbers, but each man who is not a direct relative of the family pays for the carriage he rides in. The horses walk the entire length of the road. In every case the undertaker's office, at least in front, is painted black. In Brisbane nearly all the young people on Sunday evening flock to the business center of the principal business street, and there, from eight to ten o'clock at night, hold a social on the sidewalks and even in the road-way of the streets. There are plenty of churches, and all seem to be doing the work for which they exist. The services in them are more ritualistic than ours in America.

The people of Australia are eminently social and no people can be found anywhere who are more warm-hearted.

Having had a most pleasant visit of more than five months with my daughter and her family and her husband's family and their friends at Brisbane, on the 13th of November, 1905, we took a steamer for Hong Kong.

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Home Journey from Australia.

AT Cooktown we took on 100 sacks of slugs or dried snails, to go to China to be used in making soup. In this part of our voyage we passed a good many light ships, which serve much the same purpose to the mariner in mid-ocean as the light-house does on the coast. These boats are manned by five men who are detailed to manage them, and they remain on duty six months at a time, being thus shut off from the world, except as a passing ship may leave them some mail.

The path of our ship led us through Albany pass, where the rocks give but a sixty foot channel. Our Captain did not venture to run the risk of going through in the night and waited for daylight before he put our little craft through the narrows.

On Sunday morning we stopped at Thursday island, and were warned that at eleven o'clock we would sail again. A Japanese merchant, who was sailing with us, while on shore, became unmindful of the time of our departure. The result was he was left and our ship's officers did not discover that he was not aboard for some two hours. On a following ship he overtook us at Hong Kong.

At Port Darwin we found great equatorial heat. At that place we took on several tons of mother of pearl.

Passing on we found ourselves in the East India islands. Dilly, a town on the Timor island, was our next halting place. This island is used by the Portuguese for the detention of criminals. Here we met natives whose mouths were plugged up with beetle roots, which, when mixed with tobacco, make the teeth jet black. We took on a cord or two of sandal wood for the Chinese, and our ship's physician bought two monkeys for which he paid \$1.50. On the 27th of November, we passed under the equator, when we felt the heat so keenly that we were inclined to do with ourselves what Sydney Smith suggested—"Take off our flesh and sit in our bones."

At Manila, where earthquakes do so much damage to window glass, we found that many of the people substituted clam shells. The city is located on low ground, some parts of it indeed, are below the sea level. The great industry of the city is the manufacture of tobacco in various forms. One cigar factory covers six acres.

The love of cock fighting is still prevalent. Many of the men that one meets in the street have under their arms a fighting cock, whose spurs are steel. They are ready to accept the first challenge given. This may come any minute on a street corner. When it comes, the entertainment may not last two minutes;

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surely not more than ten minutes, for steel spurs make quick work.

In the bay at Hong Kong we found two prison ships anchored. On the streets we were besieged by men who wanted to carry us in sedan chairs or give us a drive in their jinrikishas. In the evening we took a cable car for the Peak, the summit of which is 1,800 feet from the level of the sea. Looking from that height, there seemed to be two firmaments, the one above lighted by the stars and the other below is the placid bay in which at night every sampan carries a light. This the law compels them to do.

Wherever the Chinese live brawn and muscle are cheap and in our age are in competition with electrical and steam power. It takes fourteen men to make a rice mill go and about the same number to move the roller that smoothes the street. These men have a passion for gambling and this is so great that they at times use chips of wood and even pebbles of the street for instruments.

Having gone up Pearl river we entered the port of Canton, but in doing so our boat had to push aside a multitude of sampans in order to get to our pier. In the harbor are not less than 84,000 house boats. The odor that arises from the river as one enters the city reminds him of the stench that fills his nostrils when he stands over a newly opened sewer. No street is wider than eight feet, and many of them are only five feet wide. Our only way of

getting through the city was to be carried by four men in a sedan chair. Among other things we viewed an enclosed lane, where men who have committed certain crimes are beheaded. We saw the blocks, the axe and even the headsman, and learned that his fee for decapitating a man is 50 cents. The natives think there is a presiding divinity for each street, and, if he is properly propitiated, he will protect their property from the ravages of fire. We were shown a water clock that has been running 580 years.

To our surprise we found that the Chinese make no use of milk nor any of its products. A Cantonese dentist makes a necklace of the decayed teeth which he has drawn, and wears this as an advertisement of his business. In the Court room, if a witness or an accused person is slow to give evidence in a case before the Court a thumb screw is applied and the Court in this way gets the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

In this country it is the custom of parents to sell the daughter to the bridegroom, and the lowest market price for a girl is \$100.00.

The most attractive place of worship that we saw was the temple dedicated to ancestral worship. Here the votary can see a tablet large enough to hold the names of his ancestors for ages and ages ago.

At Singapore we tasted bread-fruit and that taste is enough to satisfy us for the rest of our days. If it is superior to the cabbage stalk, we did not discover

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it. Here we saw the entrance to a tropical jungle. We naturally centered our attention on trees and shrubs and plants while in tropical regions. For several hours we reveled in the wonders of the botanic gardens both at Singapore and at Penang.

The island of Ceylon has been inhabited for several thousand years. Yet as we approached from the sea, it looked like an unbroken forest of palm trees, reaching down to the shore of the ocean. The natives of Ceylon are called Singalese. They have quite a dark skin. The men wear semi-circular tortoise shell combs and the women wear none. In the past Buddhism has been the prevailing religion, but in later years it has been waning. I saw a Buddhist priest in the streets of the city of Colombo, trying to preach to a company of not more than twenty-five men. We visited, while on the island, two celebrated Buddhist temples. One was in a sad state of decay and the other was not in the best of order.

The city water supply for Colombo is brought from a mountain some twenty-eight miles away, and some of this supply is carried daily in a boat across the strait to Tuticorin, to furnish drink for man and beast.

It is easy to recognize the Tamil people when we meet them, for the head is half shaven and the rest of the head has hair of the usual length. While in Colombo we were offered conveyance about the

city in a great variety of ways. There were carriages drawn by horses, by oxen or by men. We could take the trolley cars or have men carry us in a sedan chair. We saw a whole plantation used for the growth of cinnamon trees.

The cocoa palm is a fortune to its owner, for it supplies food and drink and sugar, oil, wine and building material, clothes, caps, carpets, candles, coffins, cradles, mats, blankets, brushes, soap, spoons, paper, fans, fences, boots, ropes, sails and ornaments. This island abounds in a wonderful variety of trees which are indeciduous. On this small part of the earth are found 300 varieties of trees.

One beautiful morning we took the train for the ancient capital, Kandy. There we found one of the most interesting botanic gardens of the world, known also by a beautiful name, Paradyana. The city of Kandy is built on the bank of a small river, the water of which is so impounded as to make it seem to be a lake. In the river below the city we saw a number of sacred elephants taking their bath. These animals take to water as readily as swine. In the city is located a celebrated Buddhist temple, called the temple of the Tooth. This city is the center of Ceylon tea culture, and one of the streets is lined on both sides with mahogany trees.

Soon after returning to Colombo, we crossed the Channel of Tuticorin, and on the boat we met the Rev. J. W. Scudder, a veteran missionary. He is

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the only survivor of seven brothers who have given their lives to this work.

We took a train for Calcutta and found along the way that the railroad is fenced with century plants. For twenty-four hours we stopped at Madura, where are located the most imposing idol temples in India. One hall is supported by one thousand pillars. It is quite a journey to walk through one of these immense buildings. In them all we found no auditorium or room set apart for the instruction of the people.

We found a great pool covering at least one fourth of an acre of ground. It was filled with what was called sacred water, but as it had been used for bathing by the multitudes for more than two years without being replenished, it is certainly far from being clean, and strange to tell, the heathen law says that such sacred water must not be changed oftener than once every fifteen years.

On the marble floors of these temples, cows and calves are kept in their filth, for they also, are sacred.

Among the sacred animals of these people are elephants. On the streets one afternoon we saw a procession of these carrying the priests. Some were riding on richly caparisoned animals. In the rear came thirty-two men carrying a priest aloft on a chair.

The Congregational Church has a well ordered mission work in this city, with a good theological school,

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We found in India the following to be the customary order of serving meals: At 7 a. m., tea; 11:30, breakfast; 3:30 p. m., Tiffin, and at 7:30, dinner.*

At Madaras we learned that the water used by the railway engines at the station, was pumped by men. Some parts of this great city are well built and are fairly clean, but much of it has open sewers, poorly built houses and the people live in squalor. A short time before our visit cholera swept to the grave several thousand people.

Here the natives hold as sacred many things we consider disgusting—such as serpents and even small-pox. A woman of a wealthy family was dying in a room up stairs, but she could not die at peace until the family dragged a cow upstairs. After she had kissed its tail she was satisfied to depart this life. At this city the Methodist Episcopal Church has a good many mission stations and quite an extensive book concern.

At Calcutta we were met at the station by Miss Lizzie Maxey, who had a gharry in readiness to take us to the Deaconess Home. It was early in the morning and the streets were lined with mendicants seeking from the passers by a few grains of rice to supply a morning meal.

We had not been long in Calcutta before we formed the acquaintance of the Rev. D. H. Lee and his excellent wife, whose success in mission work is phenomenal. Some seven years before we made our visit they had

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some six children, the ages of whom demanded that they be in school. Because of temperature conditions, Darjeeling was regarded as a good city in which they might live and pursue their studies. Five of them were in a boarding house located at the head of one of the ravines found in almost all mountainous regions. They were in the boarding house quite alone. It had rained hard all day, and when night came, the storm was on in such fury that they could not leave the building. Early in the night the house began to move downward and before morning came it was crushed and covered by a landslide and the children were all killed except one. In twenty-four hours twenty-five inches of rain fell. Nothing daunted, the parents went on with their work, caring for orphans, feeding the hungry and teaching the ignorant. In one of the chapels one Sabbath afternoon, I had the honor to baptize some six Bengalese infants.

Calcutta is a city that has but few sidewalks. The natives mostly go bare-foot, a few of them wearing a board under the foot, which is fastened by a kind of button located between the great toe and the one next to it. This keeps it from dropping off the foot. On one occasion we were passing a park that contains probably five acres and it was covered with Mohamedans on their faces in prayer. Among these religionists the men who have made a pilgrimage to a holy city have a right to have their beards dyed red as a reward.

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Naturally we visited the temple of Callia, from which the city gets its name. She is a goddess who must be appeased with blood. We watched the votaries offer to her in sacrifice two kids. As soon as the heads were cut off, dogs rushed up and lapped the blood. We hope for humanity's sake that there are no more disgusting sights anywhere in the heathen world than can be seen here.

As would be expected, we went out to the botanic garden to see the largest banyan tree in the world. It is 131 years old, its trunk is 51 feet in circumference, and it has 250 aerial roots which mostly grow straight from the boughs of the tree to the earth. When these roots are tender and short, they hang loosely at the sport of the wind. To make them straight, they are dropped through bamboo pipes, which are placed under the limbs. The aerial roots in time grow, and expanding, burst the bamboo and there appears what seems to be a beautiful prop to the great branch of the tree. The diameter of the circle around the outer edges of the tree is 660 feet. It took me five minutes to walk around under the ends of the limbs of this mammoth tree.

We made a detour up the Himalaya mountains to Darjeeling. This place is 7,500 feet above sea level. At that point we had hoped to look on Mt. Everest, but she had on her accustomed veil of mist and snow. We were content, however, with a view of Kingenjunga, which is 28,000 feet high. It had

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more the appearance of a white cloud high in the sky, than of a mountain.

At Darjeeling we saw in a flower bed in the park, many flags attached to poles. These had been placed there by persons who were feeling after God. They are in distress and want relief that must come from the Divine One. These flags are put there to attract attention of any good supernatural being to the cases of need in the hope that relief will come.

At this city we were within only eighty miles of Tibet. Of course we came in contact with many Tibetans.

Our itinerary took us to Benares. At the railroad station we saw a woman who had on her arm some eighteen bracelets, causing us to think of the many hoops we have seen on wine casks. Among the vast numbers who come to this holy city are the so-called "holy men," whose hair is exceedingly long and whose dress and demeanor all tell that they think they are superior in some way to other mortals. But that which spoils it all is the filthiness of their garments. In India these men are treated by the people with respect.

At this place along the right bank of the Ganges river is a row of thirty or forty temples, and down from these temples is a continuous series of stone steps, leading to the water. These steps are called ghats. At certain hours in the early morning the votaries come by the hundreds, if not by the thousands,

to bathe and worship. We took our place in a boat well out in the river, so as to get a good view of the scene. While nearly all that takes place is so odd as to provoke a smile, we saw nothing of the kind among the worshipers. All is solemn and all is earnest.

Daily on these banks the people bring their dead and as much wood as they can afford to buy, for cremation. At a certain hour the bodies are placed on the wood and the fire kindled. If there is wood enough, the cremation is perfect, and the ashes are thrown in the river. If the wood does not make a complete incineration, then the remnants of the body unconsumed are thrown in the river. These parts float down to shallow places in the river and lodge. There dogs and vultures finish things up. There are few rivers where the water is so impure, yet a Brahmin insists that no water to be found is so pure. Among the temples at Benares is one devoted to sacred monkeys. There are some 200 of them. Not one is clean and nice and all are saucy and badly behaved, according to my standard. On the marble floors of another temple we saw cows and calves walking about in pools of filth.

We took a carriage ride and looked on the ruins of ancient Benares and in the journey there was pointed out to us by our guide a sun-dial planted there by Warren Hastings.

At Cawnpore we saw an ancient funeral pyre, where living wives had been burned to death along

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with the cremation of their dead husband. Through this city runs one of India's longest canals. This one is 800 miles long. Having visited the church where so many innocent persons lost their lives during the Sepoy rebellion, we went on to Lucknow, where are other battle-fields of that war and the cemeteries, which are filled with the victims.

Here are the colossal ruins of an ancient king's palace, where he had quarters for his 380 wives. We were much entertained in visiting the churches and schools and other church property of the Methodist Church of that city. The Isabella Thoburn college in Lucknow is the first school of that kind for women ever established in Asia.

Travelers enter Agra with high expectations. The present town is a very ordinary looking place. It is the monuments and historical places near the city that attract sightseers. Nearby is the fort Akbar, which has a wall seventy feet high. Within this wall is the Pearl Mosque, which in its time was the gem of all Indian mosques. Here, in pretty fair preservation is Akbar's palace, where he lavished his money on the apartments of his queen. This is seen notably in her bath-room and in her jewelry. This fort, with its palace, overlooks the Jumna River valley, in which, some five miles away, is located the Taj, which is the finest structure in India, and probably the gem of all the tombs of the earth. After the death of Akbar, his daughter Mahal was the wife of

the reigning monarch. Before her death her husband began the erection of the Taj. Her last look upon the earth was through the window of the palace at the costly mausoleum that was to be the resting place of her lifeless body.

The tomb of Akbar is in a cemetery about six miles north of Agra, and is much older than the Taj. On looking at the two I am convinced that the Taj architect did a good deal of copying. The Taj is built of marble and cost \$15,000,000, and it took twenty-two years to build it. In the crypt under the dome lie the king and his queen.

Twelve miles west of Agra are the ruins of the ancient city Secundra, with its massive victory gate. We were shown the stables of the king's elephants. The granite posts to which these animals were fastened are still standing. India is rich in the number of its ancient cities. The historian and the archaeologist find here a wealth of ruins waiting to be examined.

Next we are in Delhi, which outrivals most cities in India for age and for the multitude of tombs still standing where once there was a city. In one day's ride we looked on the sites of three Delhis. Where the oldest city stood there is little to tell that it existed, except the mausoleums. In the next there are a few buildings, the outline of which can still be traced. Here is an ancient palace which once held among its splendors the world-famed peacock throne; and in its treasure house was the Kohinur.

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We took a journey into the country to see the far famed Kutah Minar, a highly embellished monument, 234 feet high.

The modern city is well built and contains a massive and costly mosque. Looking at the people, we do not think ever again they will be able to build such costly temples. It is not probable that any one form of false religion will, during the twentieth century, flourish here.

At Jaipore we could see the people of India under their own native rule. All the provinces hitherto visited had been under English rule.

As we sit in the railroad car we are greeted by a company of probably twenty wild monkeys. The homes of the town are painted blue. The people are poor and some of them are starving, yet the Maharaja's palace has gates of brass, and his salary per year is \$1,500,000. The pool near his palace has in it some sacred alligators. The well ornamented legislative halls have as constant visitors the myriads of the city's sacred pigeons, constantly dropping excrement on the seats and furniture. To kill a pigeon would be a worse crime than to kill a man.

In the zoo we saw a tiger that had been caught not seven miles away from town and not two weeks before we saw him pacing in his cage.

We had our first ride on an elephant in going from Jaipore to Amber, a distance of six miles. In this

old city is a temple dedicated to the worship of Callia. Here she has been worshiped for hundreds of years, and during the most of that time human beings, as daily sacrifices have been offered unto her. After English protectorate came to this province the offering of human sacrifices ceased and now the votaries can choose any animal they please as a substitute. At the place where this blood shedding has taken place is quite a mount formed by the effusions.

Several centuries ago, when Akbar was leading his armies through this region, his mother was living in a distant city. At her request, Akbar initiated an arrangement, through drum beats, to inform her at the setting of the sun each day, both as to where he was and as to the state of his health. This was done by men detailed to the duty, standing at such distances apart as to hear and repeat the signal. This kind of wireless telegraphing existed some three centuries before Mr. Marconi came into notice.

At Baroda we met some dear friends who were zealously pursuing their missionary work.

The king at this place has a passenger depot on the railroad for his private use. He dwells in a palace in which the queen's private rooms contain an idol which she worships. We saw at the arsenal a solid gold cannon, weighing 360 pounds. In the town we were shown hospitals for cows and for horses and one for high caste men, but none for the lower castes.

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We had the privilege of preaching in the Methodist Church and we learned after the sermon that some Brahmin priests were in the audience. We took an evening train, and early the next morning were in Bombay.

At our earliest convenience we visited the "Tower of Silence," where the Parsees bring their dead. They put them afloat on a kind of scaffold and invite the vultures to devour the bodies.

At this city we took ship for Port Said, in Egypt, passing through the entire length of the Red Sea. At this time we make no record of our visit in Egypt, thinking our first account all sufficient. In due time we sailed from Alexandria for New York, halting for a time at Naples, viewing Gibraltar carefully as we could in passing, and making a short stop at the Azore Islands. We reached New York April 16th, 1906 and reached Columbus a few days later.

Personal Mention.

THE Ohio Conference, at its session in Zanesville, in 1896, elected me as a Trustee of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and at the same time Bishop Fowler appointed me as Agent of that institution, which position I have held to this date.

For a time I traveled over the territory of the Conference, soliciting pledges to the endowment fund. One day while I was pursuing this agency, I was riding in a buggy behind a strange horse. 'Twas near Amesville, Ohio, and I was on my way to the village of New England. Suddenly the horse took fright at something and instantly, in a frenzy, ran with me a mile or more, over a road beset with many dangers. Fastened to a rod inside the dash board was a strong leather hitch strap, the loose end of which attached itself about the hub of the left front wheel and quickly turned the buggy upside down. I fell on the only sand and gravel pile there was in the road. At the proper instant I let go my grip on the check lines. The buggy went over my body. That moment the horse broke loose from all that attached him to the vehicle. I lifted up my head and tried to see what became of the horse. In a dazed condition I walked to a nearby farm house, when

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I discovered I had a large scalp wound. For two days I tarried in Amesville, in the hands of Doctor Addair, who skilfully treated my case. That I came out of this accident alive I am sure is due to a beneficent divine providence.

From this and many more occurrences in my life I know that my Heavenly Father cares for me, and I would be a stupid ingrate not to appreciate it.

So far as I remember, during the four years I was in college, I was not once detained from my recitations because of personal sickness.

I have spent in the active pastorate 1900 Sabbaths. In not ten of these days was I off duty because I was sick. And since I have been practically a retired minister, I have seen 1300 Sabbaths, but there have not been ten of these in which I was not well enough to preach.

In my father's family, as is often the case, the older sons had more influence over the younger boys than even the parents. I believed my parents to be well meaning, and that the purpose of their counsels was in love; but I thought they belonged to a former generation and did not properly estimate the good things of the present day. I had the impression that my older brother William, knew better what I ought to have and be than old people. His influence over me was nearly all-controlling. His decision to go to college took me there. He was my tutor in preparing me to enter the freshman class. He and I

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roomed together for the first three years I was in college. When I was married, he was chosen as the officiating clergyman. This same compliment he reciprocated when he was married. He received two of my daughters into his home and into his (Cornell) college, where they were students. When we have been separated from each other, not a month has passed without an exchange of letters. His thinking, which has usually been on an elevating plane, has helped to tone mine up. His high ideals have helped to stimulate my aspirations. Seeing the value of his careful painstaking in things that pertain to scholarship has shown me that my "rough and ready" course was not the best. Perhaps the difference that naturally exists in our mental type has had to do in our mutual improvement and in our appreciation of each other. In the long life granted to us we have grown together. Our hearts are knit together by ties most tender. If God calls him to heaven before I pass away, I shall miss him immeasurably.

My narrative would be very defective, did I not state in it, that my younger brother, John Wesley King, became an attorney at law, residing at Zanesville, Ohio. He tenderly and patiently ministered to the wants of our dear parents in the closing years of their lives, and his home was always open to me as a privileged guest. This was especially true while I was presiding elder at Zanesville. Much of that

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time my family resided in Columbus. He was experienced in all that pertains to business, and as my life had been given to a different branch of study, I was a novice in business matters. During those years there was rolled on me much that was strictly business, which I needed to assume, because of the relation I sustained to my family. I very much needed the wise counsels of one that I could implicitly trust. This I received in large measure from brother John. Brothers, perhaps, never get nearer each other in fraternal affection than did we. His death, in December, 1900, seemed to me untimely. I loved him in life and will love him for evermore.

I am impressed that my work is not done if I omit a tribute to my dear companion, Ella B. King. From the beginning I have looked upon her as one given to me of the Lord. Her family affiliations were with the Presbyterian church. This helped to broaden my Catholicity. And from her and them I was able to gather and to incorporate into the church life that I was then responsible for, many a good suggestion. If my eyes grew weary with much reading, she was ready to take up the book and read to me. No burden came on me which she was not ready to aid me in bearing. No cup came to my lips, however bitter, which she was not ready to make sweet. It seemed necessary, in our calling, to keep an open house. However ill convenient

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it was for her, she never flinched in entertaining company. In our early married life she gave music lessons to supplement our meager salary. Indeed, for many months we took in boarders.

Much that I am that is good and much that I have done that is worthy of note, is due to the counsels and support of my dear wife. She lovingly ministered to the wants of her father and mother in the protracted illness that was theirs at the end of their lives, and in like manner she cared for her only brother in life and until the time of his death. "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

We ought to be profoundly thankful that she has been spared to us for so many long and happy years.



